

A FIRESIDE CHAT.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

MY friend Charlie said to me:—

"I want to ask you, in confidence, do you suppose these elegantly attired young ladies whom I meet on Broadway, or at the opera, or at the thousand and one places of resort where the votaries of fashion congregate, ever have one sensible thought, or do one right, sensible thing? They are continually on the wing, always dressed in the extreme of whatever fashionable absurdity may be uppermost. They are always smiling, graceful and pretty to look upon, "things of beauty" for the time being, but whether they would, on longer and more intimate acquaintance, prove to be "joys forever" is in my mind an unsettled question. Now I want to know what you think about it.

"You know Tom Brown. Well, he has three sisters, Bella, Clara and Julia; handsome, stylish girls, always perfect as regards manners and costume. Tom and I have been like brothers ever since we've known each other, and I confess to you that the thought of actually standing in that relationship to him has more than once occurred to me.

"I go home with Tom frequently; but whatever the time of day at which we make our appearance, his sisters are invariably "rigged up" as if for a party, and I cannot help noticing that they never have the least appearance of being occupied, even with the most trifling bit of needlework. They are lively, witty, accomplished, and all that sort of thing; they all play the piano and talk French, and are good at repartee, but, you see, a fellow wants something more than that in the woman he marries. Music and language are good things in their places, but I must say, I could better dispense with them than with a few of the old-fashioned solid accomplishments that would be apt to come into use in every day life.

"If these girls know anything beside how to flirt, dress and look pretty, they are decidedly clever about keeping it hidden. And providing they do know anything else, what is their object in keeping so close about it? I wish you'd tell me what you think concerning these things. How is a fellow going to know whether he is marrying a woman who

will be to him a true and loving wife, or a mere lay figure upon which he is expected to hang votive offerings in the shape of costly wearing apparel to the utmost extent of, and even beyond, his means?"

Now, Charlie is one of our best friends. He had come in with Rodger, as was his custom of an evening, and while the latter read the evening paper, Charlie and I fell into the conversation which I have undertaken to report for the benefit of all whom it may concern. Rodger and I have been married nearly a score of years, and I shall speak from experience upon many of the points to which I allude.

"Charlie," said I, "if I tell you what the tendency of the age is toward senseless display and extravagance, you won't think I'm going to make a political speech, will you? You've heard it said, time after time, but it's none the less true. If a girl has been taught from infancy, that her whole duty consists in out-dressing her neighbors, you can't wonder if she becomes so addicted to dress as to set its claims above those of the simple and less showy accomplishments. As we sow we must reap. If mothers teach their daughters lessons of vanity and extravagance, they must look to the future for the legitimate fruit of the seed sown. It is a lamentable fact that manual labor of every description is going out of fashion.

"Our girls no longer practise the charming housewifely arts which, in their grandmothers' day, were thought so necessary to the completion of a lady's education. Hundreds of girls, at the present day, are never taught to use the needle, or to perform the most trivial offices for themselves, or for the comfort of those about them. This sort of thing would do very well could each of these helpless misses marry a millionaire, out of whose abundance she might expect to surround herself with well-trained domestics, who would render the ignorance of their mistress innocuous, as far as such a thing is possible; but to how many will such a fate be awarded? They cannot all marry wealth sufficient to do this. What becomes of the majority, then, after the small minority is provided for? Either they and those connected with them

have to suffer the consequences of the defective education, or they must go to work after marriage, to retrieve the fault of early training. This is a hard task, as many a poor discouraged young wife has found out by sad experience.

"When you go to spend an evening at Mr. Brown's, and his three daughters smile upon you, and make much of you, instead of sitting down in simple home dress with their crocheting, or embroidery, or other pretty feminine occupation, eminently proper to employ the white fingers of the most aristocratic young lady on Fifth Avenue, you complain that Bella, Clara and Julia sit through the evening like so many animated statues of Indolence, reminding one of the lilies that toil not.

"My friend, I have remarked this very same thing. I have even been visiting at a house where, upon the announcement of a visitor, all work was tumbled hastily into a table drawer, as if to be caught with work in one's hands were a sin against some well recognized canon of good society. I don't know why this is so any more than you do.

"If Bella, and Clara and Julia think that in order to make themselves irresistible, it is necessary to sit with idly folded hands, I must confess I am sorry for the mistake into which they have fallen; for when a sensible young man like you, Charlie, drops in to

spend a sociable evening *en famille*, how much more attractive and homelike would be the scene presented, if, upon entering your friend's parlor, you found its inmates cosily seated and happily employed? Would there not be an added charm about that lovely trio of girls from that moment? You would feel as if they really made a friend of you. And should you ask for a little music, of which I know you are fond, you could not help enjoying it the more from the influence which these homelike accessories and surroundings have left upon your mind.

"Whenever I see one of these indolent fine ladies, I long to tell her that no sensible person can look upon her without regretting that so much which might be made attractive and womanly by the cultivation of a few of the home virtues, is allowed to be wasted in frivolity and indolence.

"I'm afraid I can't help you much, Charlie. The evil you deplore is terribly widespread, especially among the ranks of city girls.

"Let us hope there may be a few noble exceptions, but until you discover one, I wouldn't advise you to risk your hopes of earthly happiness upon a wife whose sole recommendation is that she dresses in the latest mode and makes a fine appearance in society."

A TRUE STORY OF PERIL.

BY ROSHOW HEZONE, JR.

WHEN I was bowman of the larboard, or chief mate's boat, in the *Druid*, we lowered one afternoon in chase of a school of "sixty-barrel bulls" on what was known to the initiated as the "Middle Ground," between Australia and New Zealand. We made fast to one of the whales, a lively fellow, who ran us something of a dance before we succeeded in giving him his death wound.

But all this time, our steed had been running us to leeward, and meanwhile the captain had struck another, and the ship kept her luff, so as to support the windward boats. The second mate also kept near the captain, and when our whale went in his "flurry," which was not until nearly sundown, we could make out from the manœuvres of the ship that the boats were to windward of her. At such a distance from us, they were invisible owing to our low position at the surface of the sea; but those on board the *Druid*, one of whom remained constantly at the masthead, had the run of us all, at least so long as daylight continued.

The sun was just dipping, when we got a hole cut in our whale's nib-end, and a strap rove for towing. A dark cloud-bank was settling down in the weather horizon, out of which a strong wind might be expected at short notice. An attempt, with a single boat, to tow the whale to windward, would be sheer folly; there was nothing for us to do but to either give up our prize or to await the movements of the ship. We saw her

stand on until hull down, then tack, and soon afterward, haul the courses up, and swing the headyards aback, a signal that she was about taking the captain's whale alongside. Some hands were aloft, at the same time, securing the light sails, and the top-sails were allowed to run down on the cap.

The mate looked anxiously at the ship, and at the threatening aspect of the weather; then at the sixty-barrel bull, the prize that we had fought so hard to win, and seemed unable, for a time, to make up his mind what course to pursue.

"What do you think of it, Beers?" said he, at last, to his boatsteerer, with the manner of one who wishes to divide his responsibilities with counsellors.

Beers was a veteran whaler of African descent and bottle-green complexion, old enough to have been the father of his superior officer.

"Well, I d'no, sir, it looks kind o' jubrious to hang on here. The ship won't run off the wind, till she gets that whale fluked; and I don't know as she will then. And there'll be a change of weather within an hour."

"And it'll be dark in less than an hour," added the mate. "If there were a prospect of fair weather, I wouldn't care for the darkness, because we could keep the run of each other's lights, but as it is—I think we'd better waif the whale, and get to the ship while we have daylight."

A hole was cut in the body of the whale,

and the "waif,"—a flag attached to a slender spruce staff—inserted; our line was cast off from the towing-strap, and the order given to pull ahead, the boat's head being laid to windward, on a beeline for the ship, then some four miles off.

"I don't know what the old man will think of our judgment, in leaving the whale," muttered the mate, using the word "our" as a salvo, like most people under similar circumstances; though he had acted for himself, except so far as his judgment had been fortified by the hints of old Beers.

We were all glad enough, it must be confessed, to abandon the whale and consult our own safety. It was very early in the voyage, and no similar emergency had before occurred. We had seen just enough of the captain to feel that he was a driver, where the interest of the voyage was concerned. Consequently the mate, a very young officer, felt a keen responsibility, and an equally keen anxiety to learn how his course would be judged.

It was quite dark when we pulled up under the lee of the Druid within hail; but the black squall still hung, threatening, in the sky, and there had been as yet no actual change in the weather. The ship had her helm up, and was just in the act of playing off, while the singal-lantern was swaying and flickering at the mizzen-peak.

"Boat shoy!" roared the captain, sharply, as soon as he perceived our approach. "Who is there, Mr. Andrews?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Where's your whale?"

"Two points forward of your lee-beam—four miles off!"

"What in the — did you leave him for?"

The mate made no reply to the question, until the boat was secured alongside by her warp, and he had jumped in on the quarter-deck. The ship continued swinging off until her head was pointed in the right direction, but with her topsails on the cap, and one whale fluked, towing alongside, her progress was not very rapid.

"We didn't think it prudent to lay by," said Mr. Andrews, in his apologetic tone, "as the ship was so far from us, and every prospect of bad weather"—

"We didn't think!" retorted Captain Gibbs. "Who's *we*? I want *you* to do the thinking, Mr. Andrews, in charge of your own boat. The rest didn't *ship* to think!"

"I know it, sir, but in case of an emergency it may be well enough to consult those who are sharing the risk with you."

"Consult be —! Of course Jack will always say, 'save my precious life—cut away the whale, and we'll pay for it!' And there are sixty barrels of sperm oil gone to the d—l. You might as well look for a needle in a haystack now. It won't do for us, at the outset of the voyage, to throw away a chance like that. We must run a little risk sometimes—that's what we shipped for."

This taunting language had the effect which might have been expected upon the young mate.

"Well, I'll bet I can run as much risk as any live man of my inches, if you think it prudent to do so. But I had charge of other men's lives, as well as my own, and I should feel just as responsible to you and them, if I had erred the other way, by venturing too much, and any accident had happened. Haul up the boat here, my crew, and jump in!"

"Hold on, Mr. Andrews!" said the captain. "We can run down the best part of the distance with the ship."

When we judged ourselves within a mile or less of where the whale had been left, the ship was brought to the wind again. There had, as yet, been no increase of wind, and though the night was very dark, the bank or squall appeared to have lifted a little, and to have a less heavy appearance than at sundown.

"I don't believe but what it'll all pass over in a fizzle," said Captain Gibbs. "I don't see any change in the barometer. Now, Mr. Andrews, I believe you can find that whale again; I think *I* could, at any rate."

"All right, sir," was the reply, with a nervous twitching that showed how the young man was stung by the words. "If *you* can do it *I* can."

"He ought to bear, now, three points off the lee bow," were the last words thrown at us, as we cast off from the ship, and prepared to "out oars." "Pull right off here-away, and you must fall into his slick, and then you can follow it down."

Setting our light as soon as we were well clear, we passed away into the darkness, leaving our floating home behind, until the dim signal at her gaff faded to a mere spark in the distance. It was evident from the air of quiet determination about Mr. Andrews that he would cruise now all night, rather

than return to the ship without his whale.

It was long before we found any trace of the "slick," but after pulling back and forth over the ground, fearful of passing on one side of it, and getting too far to leeward, we at last had the satisfaction to perceive that we were in it; a positive assurance that we still had the weather-gage of the subject of our search. At the same time, a brighter light flamed up from the ship, made by burning old scraps on the back-arches of the try-works, and we made out that she was again keeping off, to be nearer to us.

We pulled lustily now, feeling encouraged by the signs, and still keeping in the slick, followed it as our only guide; for so dark was the night, we could not possibly see the whale until we should be very close upon it. Old Beers stood up in the head of the boat, looking with all the eyes in his head, to catch a glimpse, either of the waif or of the swash or "white water" which would indicate the whale's position.

But now there was suddenly a change in the air, which I can only describe as a sense of dilution or rarefaction, with a sighing sound that was ominous of approaching evil. The weather quarter of the heavens, instead of darkening more, appeared to light a little, as the black pall split in two, and parted right and left. Out of it came a few straggling drops of rain, and then the wind followed with a vengeance!

The first blast struck us with such fury that the mate had enough to do to keep the boat from broaching to, and taking the whole force of it broadside on. We slipped in all the oars as fast as possible, and let her drive to leeward, crouching down in our places, unable to see anything, or to change the course of our light craft, and running blindly off into the blackness. Our little taper in the boat-lantern was extinguished at once, and could be of no further service. We felt, instinctively, that the ship would luff to again, as the captain would not run any risk of passing us; and here we were, rushing away from her before the gale, and every moment lessening our chances of safety. There was a sudden flashing up of light, just as the squall struck, and then we lost sight of it entirely. The faint report of a musket followed, a signal of recall, of course, but we could neither answer nor obey it!

Onward we rushed before the wind, shrinking down into the boat, and clinging to the gunwales and thwarts, all of us but the

officer, who held fast to his steering-oar to keep her head in the only safe direction. No word was spoken among us, but each fully realized the peril we were in, and each asked himself the question of life or death, how long is this going to last?

It was answered by a shock so sudden as to throw us all together in a confused heap. In a crash of everything movable, and a cracking of the boat's fabric itself, we rolled into the sea and were overwhelmed. I can hardly tell, in words, what followed. As soon as I regained breath a little, I struck out and grasped nothing but a smooth slippery surface, on which I could get no hold, and the next instant was rolled off again and plunged under the sea. I understood the truth, now. In the darkness, we had run upon the whale, without having seen it!

At my next attempt, I clutched a rope, which I felt at once to be the bit of a whale-line, and underrunning this, I soon came to the pole of an iron or harpoon. By this I was enabled to hang on; and after being half-drowned in my struggles, I succeeded in drawing a bit of the line under the whale's fin, until it brought up firmly at the "knuckle." I could then secure myself upon the whale to avoid sliding off at every roll. The situation was by no means a pleasant one, as I had enough to do to keep my mouth above water.

While I had been thus absorbed in the one object of securing my own temporary safety, the rest of my shipmates had all disappeared, nor was anything to be seen or heard, either of them or the boat. A light spruce pole and a paddle were dashed in my way, and I secured them by cutting holes with my sheath-knife and planting them, like masts, in the blubber of the whale; but these were all that I could find. The waif set in the whale by Mr. Andrews still stood in its place, and this was important, as it might be the means of the ship finding me, could I keep alive where I was until the return of daylight. Within half an hour after I secured the landing upon the floating island, the squall was all over, and the wind again settled down to a steady moderate breeze. The heavens were clear overhead, and it was as light as well it could be on a moonless night. But where were my comrades? and, of more vital importance yet to poor me, where was the Druid?

"Light ho!" I actually sung out the words, as I had just spit half a pint or less of brine

from my mouth, and shaking my eyes clear, they rested upon a bright light directly in the wind's eye from me. Then there was a blinding flash, and the report of the Druid's old carriage-gun thundered forth, so near as to be startling, and I roared with all the voice at my command, which was not much, hoping to make myself heard.

My lungs were strained to their utmost power, for my only chance of safety depended upon attracting their attention before they should sweep on beyond me. If left astern unknown to them, there was little or no hope of salvation.

But sharp eyes were on the alert, below and aloft, for they had found the whale's "slick," and were following it down. My outcry was heard, and the ship brought rapidly up in the wind, while two boats were dropped into the water and manned as quickly as eager men could accomplish it. I was pulled by strong arms from my cramped position into the boat of Captain Gibbs, who, seemingly excited almost to insanity, had come himself on this errand of rescue.

My story, which I told in as few words as possible, excited him still more. We shot alongside, and I was helped up to the deck, while he was issuing all sorts of urgent orders.

All three boats were soon down, with directions to "spread their chances," and to search thoroughly every foot of "ground," or sea, as they went. A set of signals was rapidly agreed on, and the ship-keepers had their orders issued faster than they could take in their meaning. As the captain sprang down the side again into his boat, I overheard him say in a low bitter tone:—

"God help me! Why did I do it?"

And God did help him. Within an hour, the reports of three muskets from the boats told us that the lost ones were found; and strange to say, all were alive, though well-nigh exhausted. The boat had filled and rolled bottom up, but all had succeeded in climbing upon her bottom, through the superhuman efforts of Mr. Andrews, who, all said, appeared to take little care for his own life, so that he could save the others.

When the first excitement was over, I saw the captain take Mr. Andrews aside, and heard words which I could not make out, but his voice seemed choked with emotion, and the two stood grasping each other's hands for some little time, as if their whole souls were in the act. A bond of brotherhood was established between them from that hour, which was broken only with the close of their lives.

A STORY RETOLD.

BY FRANKLIN A. BEECHER.

CHAPTER I.

TO the north of the village of A., some distance from the closely inhabited portion, rests the quiet cemetery near a dense woodland. At the entrance stands the old gray stone chapel, about whose windows and doorways are many old and curious figures, which project from its ivy-covered walls. At the time when the reader is introduced to this spot, evening closed down upon it. At occasional intervals, in which the moon shone bright and clear, every tomb, the one open grave, yea, every blade of grass, could be discerned. Over the graves the little

crosses seemed to lean as if asleep, and from the twigs and branches of the drooping willows the leaves hung languid. Suddenly the moon, as if governed by caprice, would hide behind a cloud, and darkness would reign supreme, while only the rustling of the leaves, as the wind passed through the trees, would break in upon the quiet of the night.

At a short distance from the chapel was the sexton's house, and at one of its open windows which led out upon the veranda stood his daughter, Cecilia. She appeared to be watching the heavens, for she paid little attention to the young man who stood near,

addressing her ardently. Suddenly he discovered her inattention.

"Cecilia," he said, "do you not hear me?"

"Oh! I had forgotten that you were here."

"Cecilia, you say you cannot love. Love is the very essence of life. It is the earliest born of feelings. Affection, kindness and sympathy often resolve themselves into love. Love, like the warm breath of June, imparts life to everything. It is that which glows in the bosom of the young, and causes them ever to feel the freshness of spring. Still you say you cannot love. O Cecilia, *only be kind to me. Let but one word of kindness fall from your lips, and I shall treasure it as a gift from heaven.*"

He spoke these words, at first quickly and impulsively; but, as he proceeded, his voice became calm and his tones pleading.

All this time the girl stood gazing at the heavens, not once taking her eyes from them.

The wind blew now more frequently and at intervals flashes of lightning were seen. Indications of a storm were everywhere visible.

Cecilia, without changing her position, said coldly:—

"Affection, sympathy and tenderness are strangers to me. They are not a part of myself. Love affects the reason, and often dethrones this noble faculty of the mind. My pulse beats time to the rhythm of my heart. To disturb the tranquility of my feeling by forcing myself to do that which I would not, were to pour poison in my veins—to cause me to be unlike myself. Your eyes flash, your pulse beats faster and faster; you breathe more quickly, all of which is unnatural. Does not this weary the soul, and wear out the heart? Must not the intoxication leave its traces upon the mind and body? It is only in a tranquil state that reason can sit in judgment upon our actions. Let reason, like the north star, be your guide."

"Cold, unfriendly reason. Tempered not by heat, but by cold. Always calm and self-possessed. Oh! what is man without impulse, without passion, without action? Is it not nature? Are we not subjects of nature? Is not our mental life a reflection of nature? True, my pulse beats faster, my eyes grow brighter and my respiration is quicker. But look at yonder heaven. A moment ago the moon shone forth in all its brightness. All over the wide expanse there

seemed pendant the many lights of heaven. Everything was calm. Now, heavy, gloomy clouds are fast shrouding all in darkness. At short intervals flashes of light appear, followed by low, rumbling sounds; and, as the clouds gather in more densely, the more intense grows the turbulence. All is commotion. Nature's pulse seems to beat faster. Is not this like the action of the human heart?"

"True, this is like the rough agate which has not been polished. So with a person who lacks education, refinement and culture. *These are the factors that give polish; that teach him how to control his feeling; that give him character and attainments; that make him calm and self-possessed. The traits come not from want of heart. You ask me to love you. How can I give you what I do not possess? That feeling is foreign to me. I know not what love is, and therefore cannot love. You are as indifferent to me as all other persons are.*"

"But, Cecilia," he said, interrupting her, "can you not be kind to me? I cannot live without you. My life is a part of yours. Can you not learn to love? It is not much that I ask from you, to be kind to me. My future, yea, my existence, depends upon you. *Only say you will give me hope.*"

She answered calmly:—"I cannot do more than be truthful and just. Love you I cannot because I know not what love is. Kind I cannot be, because I desire to be just."

"Cecilia, your heart is cold, icy cold!" he exclaimed, and turning from her, rushed from the house.

For a moment it seemed as if she wished to call him back. Then she closed the window, and stood looking out upon the dense darkness, which was only broken here and there by the vivid lightning. The storm increased in fury. At times the heavens appeared like one mass of fire, only to alternate with zig-zag lightning, which was accompanied by a ceaseless rumbling, until a flash like a ball of fire seemed to dash to the earth and rebound to heaven.

CHAPTER II.

AT the upper end of the village, hard by the roadside, stood a tavern. Here many of the villagers often congregated to spend a few hours, sitting around the stove, discussing questions of the day. Though this was the usual place of meeting, it was

not infrequent that an adjournment would be taken to the bar-room, especially if some occasional patron suddenly dropped in whose long absence was the topic of discussion. Naturally, the unexpected visit was the occasion of a hearty greeting, accompanied with a social drink, which generally became plural. These adjournments often lasted until after midnight.

This evening Mr. Lewis, the sexton of the village grave-yard, or as he preferred to be called, the grave-digger, unexpectedly dropped in at the tavern.

He was a stout, short man. His bloated face showed that he was addicted to drink, yet his manner and bearing betrayed some traces of refinement.

He sat, beer-mug in hand, at the end of the long table, around which a number of villagers were seated, conversing on various subjects. He sang and told stories, to the delight of a few who were standing around the bar, but much to the annoyance of those who were seated at the table. He had just finished one of his boisterous songs when he struck the table a blow with his fist, causing the guests to look up in surprise.

Finally one said: "You seem to be in remarkably good spirits to day, Mr. Lewis."

"What! my name is Grave-digger, not Lewis; I am not ashamed of my vocation. Those with whom I deal are dead; they are all equal; no one is above the other. Rich or poor, wise or ignorant, all occupy the same relation—and it is well that it is so."

"Truly, it does not become you to speak so," said an old man, who seemed much annoyed by the conduct and talk of the grave-digger.

"Surely, he has said nothing disrespectful," answered the doctor, who was always ready to espouse the cause of another. "In what he said there is much philosophy, for where individuals stand in such a relation that they are equal, a better state of affairs could not exist. By way of contrast, it is far better to exist in such a relation, than to be always governed by the crude laws of competition and strife."

"This is like the talk of an unbeliever," replied the old man.

"Believer and unbeliever, you must admit, are equal before the eyes of death. Is there anything more natural than death? Are not all processes of resolution a part of nature's law? Therefore ought not every one and all, of whatever creed or denomina-

tion, whether Christian or Pagan, whether deist or atheist, join in songs of joy and praise, when death enters our midst? Because the one in contemplation of that future life, which is the consequence of the instinctive desire to live, will then arrive at supreme happiness; while the other will long for that quiet peace, which after many years of strife and competition he requires. Is not this more reasonable than to hang your head, cry and lament? Why, then, fear death? It is as the poet said:—

—'but a pang and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill;
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead.'"

"You may believe as you please in this respect," said the old man; "our convictions are firm as the rock of ages." Then turning to Mr. Lewis, he said, "How is Cecilia?"

"Thank you, she is well," answered Mr. Lewis.

"I hear she is much admired by the young men of the village, but that she repels them all. How is this?" asked the old man.

The grave-digger was silent for a moment, as if to collect his thoughts. Slowly he said:—

"True, Cecilia is as beautiful as a princess. She resembles me not." Then he passed his hand over his forehead, as if to wipe some unpleasant thought from his memory.

"Her mother," he began, but immediately checked himself, and murmured: "So cold, so cold!" After taking a deep draught from the mug, he continued, "She is a good girl; yes, a support,—she assists me." Then pausing for a moment, he cried, "Hurrah for the dead!"

All seemed horrified.

"What! Are you afraid of me?" cried the grave-digger. "I do not bury the living."

He had just uttered these words, when a flash of lightning, accompanied by terrific thunder, lit up the dimly lighted bar-room, dazzling everyone. He staggers forward, and then slowly sank into his chair. Not a word was spoken, until the grave-digger's helper rushed into the room, exclaiming, "Mr. Lewis, there is a dead man at the entrance of the grave-yard!"

For a moment the grave-digger seemed dazed. Finally he spoke: "Be off, and get the bier. I will follow you;" and away they started.

HERE and there a faint flash of light could be seen in the distance. Off toward the south a few fragments of clouds were slowly dispersing, and the rays of the moon were again shedding their light upon the quiet landscape.

Cecilia again stood at the window. Her large, dark eyes were fixed upon vacancy. Her beautiful face, with its high forehead and gracefully curved mouth, was expressionless.

She stood motionless as if lost in a dream; and she did not hear, as was her wont, the large oaken doors creak on their hinges, as they were swung open to admit the grave-digger and Tom with their burden; nor when they entered the house and placed the bier in the hallway. It was not until her father called: "Cecilia, bring a light," that she aroused, and became conscious of her surroundings. She immediately obeyed him. When she stepped into the hall, her eyes fell upon the corpse. She started and with her right hand involuntarily grasped her breast as if to find her heart, at the same time repeating almost inaudibly: "Icy cold, icy cold!"

Upon the bier lay a young man, with no sign of life. His arms were folded across his chest. His hands were small, and from appearances had not been used to manual labor. His fingers were long and lithe. The only indication of injury was a slight bruise on the side of his head above the temple.

Cecilia stood, her eyes riveted upon his face. Not once did she remove them—not even when her father asked her if she knew him, and she answered by shaking her head.

"Come," said the grave-digger, "we will place him in the vault until to-morrow. Cecilia, lead the way with the lantern."

Both men took hold of the handles of the bier, and slowly they started upon their way to the vault, Cecilia walking by their side, carrying the lantern, her eyes still fixed upon the dead man's face. Then the little procession wended its way through the gracefully curved walks of the cemetery to the vault, and here the bier was placed. Then Tom and he started to return, but Cecilia still stood looking at the corpse,

"Girl! what has possessed you?" cried the grave-digger. "Do you know the fellow?"

"No," came the answer.

EVERYBODY had retired in the little house. All was shrouded in darkness. Cecilia could not sleep. She threw herself upon the bed and buried her face in the pillow and cried, "Icy cold, icy cold!" Strange thoughts floated through her mind. She yielded to them because she had never experienced them before. They seemed to have lain latent within her mind, but they were now set free so suddenly that she could not grasp them, the more elusive they became. For the moment they were sweet, beautiful thoughts, and she involuntarily yielded to their fascination. She was not annoyed by them, yet they fired her fancy. Before her there seemed to rise a dense mist which gradually unfolded in the form of a human being. Slowly, the head took shape, and the features grew more distinct. The closed eyes, the prominent nose, the bushy moustache, the mouth partly opened, through which the white teeth could be seen, followed in quick succession, to make up the cold, marble-like face. Then the neck, shoulders, and arms, which were folded across the chest, became visible. Suddenly it seemed to her as if the arms unfolded to embrace her, and, amid the various sounds that were ringing in her ears, she seemed to hear a voice plaintively say:—

"Only be kind to me!"

She took a step forward, as if to follow the apparition, but immediately turned, and, taking a shawl, threw it carelessly around her shoulders; then lighted a lantern, and stole quietly down the stairs. Opening the door, she rushed out through the cemetery, to the vault, and with feverish haste, unlocked the door and entered. She stood for a moment staring at the dead man's face. As she stood there, her hair disheveled, her eyes dim and expressionless, her lips apart, and her nostrils breathing in the cold air, she appeared unnatural—insane. Her heart beat so violently that it shook her frame, and the blood rushed hot from heart to brain.

Suddenly she threw herself upon the lifeless body and with wild passion drew in the poison from its lips. A chill ran over her—her senses fled—her heart stood still.

The sun rose slowly above the horizon; a few faint rays stole into the silent vault, and rested upon the bodies cold in death.

DICK TODDLEMAN'S MASQUERADE.

BY N. P. DARLING.

IT was the worst snow-storm of the season, and as it still continued, and blew furiously, promised to be the greatest within the memory of the oft-quoted oldest inhabitant.

Of course the railroads were all blocked up, but none quite so badly as the one upon which our hero, Mr. Richard Toodleman, had started for his home in Millikinville.

He had taken the express train for W—— at four o'clock that afternoon, and at ten o'clock that evening the train had come to a dead stop opposite the village of Umbagog, just at the entrance to a long, deep cut that was packed full of snow, and had got to be shoveled out, as no engine could force its way through it.

As this would necessitate a delay of several hours, the majority of the passengers left the train and went to the hotel in the village, where they took supper, and those who were not in too great a hurry to reach their various destinations engaged rooms for the night.

Among the latter was our hero who, shortly after supper, bade the agreeable young widow, whose acquaintance he had made on the cars,—having occupied the same seat with her,—good-night, and retired to the apartment that had been assigned him.

Now, if the reader supposes that our mutual friend, Dick Toodleman, was in love with the charming widow, why, all I can say is, that the reader don't know anything about Mr. Toodleman or his affairs; for the fact is, our hero was terribly in love with another woman.

Her name was Adelaide Tirrell, and she lived in Millikinville. She was the only daughter of her father, who, by the way, was a widower and rich,—oh! so rich!

Miss Tirrell was extravagantly fond of our Dick. She lavished her young affections upon him as freely as those old Greeks and Trojans used to pour their wine around in their libations to the gods.

This was as it should be. I like to see a young woman affectionate; but Mr. Tirrell wasn't of my way of thinking. He didn't love Dick Toodleman any to speak of, and he objected very strongly to his daughter

entwining her affections around the image of any young man who didn't suit him. That was the way with old Mr. Tirrell; and a very bad way it was I think, don't you, my lovely reader?

Perhaps you didn't know that Dick was a lawyer? Well, he was, and a first-rate lawyer too, although he hadn't a great many clients. He was too young to have a very extended reputation established, and also too young to have made a very great fortune; and it was principally on account of his lack of fortune that Mr. Tirrell so strongly objected to him for a son-in-law.

Dick had been living in Millikinville about five years at this time, and for the last three years he had been entirely devoted to the pretty Adelaide.

Her father didn't pay much attention to Dick's frequent visits to his house at first, and when he did begin to suspect what the young fellow was up to it was too late. She loved him; and you know, ma'am, that when a young woman does get to loving a fellow, one might as well try to quench fire with kerosene as to smother her love by any contrivance yet invented.

But Mr. Tirrell held a very different opinion in regard to these matters. He tried the old way. He went to Mr. Toodleman and told him that his daughter was not for him.

"No, Richard Toodleman," said he, "you can't take any stock in this family, not if I know myself; and consequently you will oblige me by discontinuing your visits to my house. When I do want you, I'll send for you." And with that, the old gentleman bustled out of the office, and went home to give his daughter a lecture on the same subject.

The lovers met clandestinely after that, as lovers generally do under such circumstances; and although they saw no possibility of the paternal Tirrell relenting, they continued to love each other as fondly as ever, and lived on the hope of something turning up to their advantage.

As to the charming young widow (she had introduced herself as Mrs. Gildad, from New York City) whom Dick had encountered in his return from W——, where he had been

attending court, the only part she plays in this story was played that night at the Umbagog House, while our hero was reposing in the arms of Morpheus, and dreaming of the fair Adelaide.

Mrs. Gildad had told Dick that she was very anxious to reach her journey's end; and so instead of taking a room at the hotel, she remained in the public parlor with a number of other passengers, until the train was once more ready to go on, when she departed, and our hero never saw her again.

I said that Mrs. Gildad remained in the hotel parlor; but she must have absented herself from that apartment for a short time during the night, for when Mr. Toodleman arose the next morning, perhaps you can imagine his surprise, when, instead of finding his clothes upon the chair where he had left them, he found a full suit of female attire, which he recognized at once as the property of the charming Mrs. Gildad.

Our hero took it all in at a glance. He knew now why that lady had been so anxious to go on. She was evidently running away from the officers of the law, and fearing that the telegraph might warn the police at the other end of the route, she had taken this means of disguising herself.

Mr. Toodleman looked at the garments, and asked himself what he should do. His first thought was to ring the bell, call up the landlord, explain the situation, and send out for a new suit of clothes; but he objected very much to being looked upon in the light of a victim. Then he didn't want the affair to get into the papers, for then his legal friends would be sure and hear of it, and there would be no end of jokes at his expense. And then, again, his beloved Adelaide would surely learn of it.

"No, no, it won't do," he said to himself. "I wouldn't have Adelaide know of this for the world; and her father—oh! wouldn't it be nuts to him! With such a foundation, how easily the old gentleman could concoct a story, or at least give his opinion regarding the real facts in the case, in such a way as to ruin my character in her eyes forever. No, it won't do."

Mr. Toodleman sighed, surveyed himself in the mirror for one moment, as if to take a farewell look at his mother's only son, and then reluctantly began to array himself in Mrs. Gildad's apparel.

For a wonder that lady's gray traveling dress fitted him remarkably well; but that

was easily accounted for by the fact that she had probably taken his clothes in preference to those of any other guest because they fitted her.

"I don't look bad," cried Dick, once more surveying himself in the glass after dressing.

"Luckily, like Dickens's Fledgeby, my face is as smooth as a girl's; and my hair—why, I can part it in the middle just so," suiting the action to the words, "with a little quirl-up what-d'ye-callum on each side, and who the deuce would ever suspect that this was Richard Toodleman? Why, even Adelaide wouldn't know me."

In truth, our Dick did make a remarkably handsome woman; and it was really a wonder that he did not, like Narcissus, fall in love with his own image reflected in the mirror.

Fortunately, his pocket-book and watch, which he had placed under his pillow before retiring, had not been molested, as Mrs. Gildad had probably been too anxious to secure a perfect disguise to run any further risk than was necessary to obtain that alone.

And now Dick, having completed his toilet, rang the bell and called for the clerk.

The clerk came, and Dick asked for his bill, and expressed a wish that a carriage might be called to convey him to the depot.

"All right," said Mr. Snodgrass, although he didn't look as if he thought it was all right by any means; for you see he was positively sure that he had booked a gentleman for that room the night before, and how the deuce it happened that he found a woman there was a question that he couldn't answer to his satisfaction at all.

"All right," repeated the clerk. "I suppose you'll have breakfast before you go, ma'am?"

"No, I have hardly time to reach the train now," repeated Dick in the softest voice he could assume. "My bill if you please."

"Ah, yes, your name is"—

"Mrs. Richard Toodleman."

"Oh, I remember."

But he didn't; and the name only confused him the more, for it was only Richard Toodleman on the book, and he could have sworn, five minutes before, that he had seen a gentleman write it.

After another pause in which he was vainly trying to clear his puzzled brain, he

retired in great bewilderment, knocking over two chairs in his exit, while attempting to keep his eyes on Dick's face and get out of the room by the sense of feeling alone.

But the clerk was as much puzzled as ever, when, after paying his bill, our hero left the house for the railroad station; and all that forenoon he was asking himself how it was possible that he could put a gentleman into a room at night, and find no one but a lady there in the morning.

"Dang it! this thing isn't all right," mused Mr. Snodgrass. "I don't like the looks of it. There's a mystery about this affair, and I must get to the bottom of it."

But meantime Mr. Toodleman had reached the station, got aboard the cars, and was speeding toward Millikinville.

"Is this seat engaged, ma'am?"

Dick looked up to find a corpulent, red-faced, white-headed old gentleman smiling down at him in a paternally affectionate way, who, having attracted his attention, repeated the question.

"No, sir; I am traveling alone," answered Dick, at the same time remarking to himself in the language of Jennie Wren, "I know your tricks and your manners."

The corpulent gentleman crowded down into the seat, in such a way as to face his companion, remarking, as he did so, upon the severity of the late storm.

"Yes, I was detained at Umbagog last night on account of it," said Dick.

"Ah, indeed! I remained at W——, fearing that I should not be able to reach home before to-day, even if I made the attempt. Are you traveling far?"

"No, sir."

"Mighty reserved," thought the old gentleman, "but decidedly good-looking."

"What an old fool!" thought Dick, "I believe he's going to make love to me;" and he jammed his handkerchief into his mouth for fear of laughing in the old boy's face.

"Ahem! I—it strikes me, ma'am, that I've met you somewhere before," remarked the corpulent gentleman, with one of his most affectionate smiles.

"And your face looks very familiar to me," returned Dick.

"There's a roguish twinkle in her eyes, but, oh! how modestly she blushes," thought the old gentleman, as he handed his card to our hero.

Dick read the card. "I've heard of you very often, sir."

"Yes, I am pretty well known in this vicinity," returned the old gentleman, swelling up like the frog in the fable. "And your name, ma'am?—strange, I can't think of it. I'm sure we've met before, for I remember your face perfectly well. In truth, it is altogether too beautiful to be easily forgotten."

Dick blushed modestly, and came very near swallowing his handkerchief in attempting to smother a snicker.

"Yes, we have met before, sir."

"Ah! I knew we had, and your image was indelibly impressed upon my memory. And pray what may I call you?"

"Lulu," whispered Dick.

"What a sweet name! but none too sweet for its beautiful owner."

"I'm afraid you flatter me."

"Oh, no, upon my honor, Lulu. Excuse me for calling you by your Christian-name, for I don't know your surname."

"It is Ferguson. You don't think that very sweet?"

"Perhaps not; but thanks to your sex and your beauty you could easily change it," murmured the old gentleman, as he took Dick's hand in his, and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"Oh, sir! you shouldn't do that," whispered Mr. Toodleman, covering his face with one hand to conceal his blushes.

"How coy she is!" thought the old gentleman. "I'd give a ten-dollar bill for one kiss."

Just then the train passed under a bridge, and this aged admirer of female beauty snatched a kiss.

Dick gave a little scream.

"Hush! you'll attract attention, my dear."

"I hope your intentions are honorable, sir," whispered Dick.

"Can you doubt it?"

"But you men are so wicked. I hope you are not a married man."

"I am a widower, Lulu— Excuse me, but let me call you so; I am contemplating matrimony."

"Then you'll have to ask my pa."

"Oh, Ferguson?"

"Mr. Ferguson."

"Oh, yes, to be sure. Where did you say you resided?"

Dick was writing rapidly on the back of one of his business cards, and the train was just stopping at the Millikinville station.

"I must leave you here, sir," said Dick.

"Eh? you stop here! Why, so do I. But—but, why, you don't live here?"

"Yes. Good-by, sir. Here is my card, Mr. Tirrell. When you want another kiss, please call at my office."

The next moment Dick stepped out on to the platform, while the corpulent gentleman sank back into his seat with a groan, with his small black eyes fixed upon Richard Toodleman's card.

"Done for!" he muttered.

Then he turned the card over, and read as follows:—

"If you want to keep this affair to ourselves,—particularly the kissing,—you had better let me hear from you as soon as possible.
DICK."

The stout gentleman tore the card into shreds, and went tearing out of the car like a mad man, muttering curses loud and deep as he hurried along toward his office.

Half an hour later, our hero, once more in his proper habiliments, received the following note from the hands of Mr. Tirrell's office-boy.

"MR. RICHARD TODDLEMAN, *Dear Sir*:—If you want my daughter for a wife, please take her at once. As I am suddenly called to the West upon business of importance, I shall probably not be able to attend the wed-

ding; but don't defer it on my account. Marry her at once, be happy and keep your mouth shut.
TIRRELL."

That was enough for Mr. Toodleman. He spent that evening with his dear Adelaide, who had been informed by her father that the blockade was removed, and that her lover might sail in to port and carry off the prize at his leisure.

"But how funny," said she, "that father should relent."

"Not at all, my dear," replied Dick.

And so they were married in a quiet manner during Mr. Tirrell's absence; and the happiest couple I know of to-day in all Millikinville, is Dick Toodleman and his handsome wife.

As for Mr. Tirrell, though still a great admirer of the female sex, he is very careful how he makes love to pretty young ladies on the cars; but he is still on the look-out for a young and handsome wife.

Mrs. Gildad, who, as Dick afterward learned, was a noted confidence woman whom the police were exceedingly anxious to interview, managed to escape the lynx-eyed officers of the law, much to the chagrin of Mr. Snodgrass, who blamed himself very much for not acting upon his suspicions, and having her arrested, on the morning after the great storm.

"GHOSTS" FOUND OUT.

By George Brancroft Griffith.

MOST of the frights that come to human nerves originate in mystery. Objects are trembled at simply because they are unknown or half known, and curses are fancied in fear, with an almost instinctive leaning toward the supernatural. Few cases of "haunted" houses have been known where patient inquiry and search could not "lay the ghost," and the following story, told of one of the old baronial castles in the north of England (the favorite abode of ghosts), shows how extremely simple the solution of a most frightful mystery may be.

Not many years ago the property referred to descended to a branch of the female line—one of the heroes of Waterloo—who, nothing daunted by its evil name, was determined to make this castle his place of residence. Certain noises having become a subject of real terror to his tenantry, he resolved to sleep in the castle on the night he took possession, in order to do away with these superstitious fears.

Not a habitable room could be found, except the one occupied by the old gardener and his wife, in the western turret, and he ordered his camp bed to be set up in that apartment.

It was in the autumn. At nightfall he repaired to the gloomy abode, leaving his servant, to his no small comfort, at the village

inn. After having found everything comfortably provided, he turned the large old rusted key upon the gardener and his wife, who took leave of him to lodge at a farm hard by.

It was one of those nights which are checkered with occasional gleams of moonshine and darkness, when the clouds are riding on a high wind. He slept pretty well for the first two hours. Then he was awakened by a low mournful sound that ran through the apartments. This warned him to be up and accoutred.

He descended the turret stairs with a brilliant light, which, in coming to the grand floor, cast a gigantic shadow of himself upon the high embattled walls. Here he stood and listened. Presently a hollow moan ran through the long corridor, and died away. This was followed by one of a higher key, a sort of scream, which directed his footsteps with more certainty to the spot.

Pursuing the sound, he found himself in the great hall of his ancestors, and vaulting up on the large oaken table, set down his lamp, and folding his cloak about him, determined to wait for all that was terrible. The night, which had been stormy, suddenly became still. The dark flitting clouds had sunk beneath the horizon, and the moon threw her silvery light through the chinks of the mouldering pile. As our hero had spent

the morning in the chase, sleep came unbidden, and he fell asleep on the table.

His dream was short, for near him issued a horrid groan. Amazed, he started up and sprang at the unseen voice, thrusting with a fearful blow his sword in the arras. The blade was fast, and held him to the spot. Behind the waving folds there lay the cause concealed. He left his sword, and retraced his steps to the turret.

When morning came, a welcome crowd greeting him, asked if he had met the ghost.

"Oh, yes," replied the knight, "dead as a door-nail behind the screen he lies, where my sword has pinned him fast. Bring the wrenching-bar, and we'll have the disturber out!"

With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the valiant throng tore down the screen where the sword was fixed, when, lo! in a recess lay the fragments of a chapel organ, and the square wooden trunks, made for hollowed sounds, were used as props to stay the work when the hall was coated round with oak. The wondering crowds laughed aloud at the mysterious voice. It was the northern blast that found its way through the crannies in the wall to the groaning pipes, that had alarmed the country round for a century past.

Very few ghost stories have such a solid foundation as the one told of Joseph I., Emperor of Germany, a merry gentleman, and as brave at heart as he was sturdy in biceps.

He was a bosom friend of the elector of Saxony; a royal scamp, whose bump of reverence hardly equalled his love for the flesh. Joseph was a good Catholic, and his friends of the church were in considerable fear lest the elector should lead him from the true faith. They tried almost every device to break the companionship between them, but all to no purpose. Finally a jealous Jesuit father disguised himself in Satanic attire, and silently entered the emperor's chamber late in one dark night. Clinking heavy links of chain, and placing himself near the bed, where the dim light from the solitary taper could fall upon his figure, in very sepulchral voice, the startled emperor.

"Renounce, O Emperor, thy intimacy with the elector of Saxony, or prepare for eternal damnation!"

The muscular magnate, not caring to be bored with unearthly callers at an unseasonable hour, leaped from his couch, and catch-

ing up in his arms his phantom visitor, launched him out of the window, saying:—

"Return to Purgatory, whence you came!"

A broken thigh was his ghostship's reward.

A man who bought a haunted house in Colosse, N. S., sought an explanation of the mysterious noises with a hammer. He pulled off a few clapboards, when an explanation flew out, followed by several hundred more. About a bushel of large black bats were discovered, cozily making themselves at home in various crannies of the building, and making the people decidedly "not at home" by their clatter and noise at night. Those bats, when discovered, took all the romance out of the haunted house, and cut a long story short.

Practical jokers have often played the ghost. They are the last person who take kindly to a joke played upon themselves. An English servant girl, however, was once taught to respect the old saying, "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

The coachman of Commodore Porter, famous during the war of 1812, died, and a few days after, the colored servants were alarmed at the appearance of the ghost. Every night about seven o'clock, they would rush up-stairs in great fright, declaring that Nathan's ghost was in the cellar. Knowing that some one was playing a joke, the commodore watched. That night he saw one of the house-girls enter the cellar-window, dressed in a long night-gown, her face sprinkled with flour, and a lighted candle in her hand. The next night, the commodore—dressed to resemble the dead man, with blackened hands and face, and a wood-saw in his hand—waited for the ghost.

As soon as he heard footsteps, he began sawing-wood. The girl entered the cellar, and the wood-sawyer, stopping his work, said, in sepulchral tones:—

"Miss Jane, de Almighty done send me for you!" With a shriek the frightened woman rushed from the cellar, ran out of the house, and took to the woods. The lesson, though severe, was such as she deserved. She never again played the part of a ghost.

Some years ago a gentleman's family hired a spacious old mansion-house, in a retired region, and took up their abode there. It was in a lonely situation, separated from public view by the long rows of old trees which bordered the road and the avenue. One night as a young lady of the family was

preparing for bed, she heard a strange, hollow, murmuring sound, as of distant voices. Though startled, she finally decided that it was voices of men in the road, and settled herself as for the night. But scarcely had her head touched the pillow, when she heard the sounds again, and springing to her feet, she went directly to a corner closet, where they seemed to proceed.

When she opened it a strong gust of damp wind blew in her face and almost extinguished her lamp. Then came the sound of distant talking again, and she thought she caught the words, "Poor thing! Poor thing! Too bad! Too bad!"

She was for the moment paralyzed with terror, but resolved not to rouse the family, if she could possibly avoid it, feeling sure the sounds could be accounted for in some natural way. A few nights after the unearthly noises were heard again from the same closet-corner, but nothing could be

found there to account for them. The lady's brother determined to unravel the mystery, occupied the room one night, and before morning, opening the closet, he distinctly heard the words, "Poor thing! Too bad! Too bad!" uttered in tones not only hollow, but also painfully plaintive.

It was subsequently discovered that in the extreme corner of the closet was a section of old tin pipe. In the closet of the nursery was the other end of the speaking-tube. The nurse occupying this room had been particularly annoyed by mice in her closet, and had set a trap there. Hearing the little captives scratching about as they were caught in their wiry prison, she and one of the other servants had risen upon the nights referred to, to secure them, and to make the trap ready for other victims, repeating the words heard. This was the key to the mystery.

HINTS TO DYSPEPTICS.

BY DR. CHARLES H. CAMPBELL.

OF all the ills that flesh is heir to, few are more insidious or distressing than dyspepsia, a disease unhappily so common that it seldom attracts sympathy. It is like toothache in this respect. Because it does not exactly kill, we scarcely give it pity. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that the dyspeptic, in nine cases out of ten, is the author of his own miseries. Be this as it may, there is no question about the suffering entailed. Once dyspepsia takes hold of a person, it is not to be easily got rid of. The food-fiend, one might almost call it; for many are the men and women, both dead and living, the springs of whose life have been poisoned by this malady.

We have just met with a valuable little book on the subject, "The Causes and Treatment of Imperfect Digestion," from which we hope to gather a few useful hints that may help the dyspeptic. It is written by late Dr. Leared, an eminent physician, who had made the subject a study, and in giving us the result of his experience, has left us a legacy of no slight value. He starts with one important simile. He says that "the digestive powers must be compared to the physical strength. Every individual can without inconvenience carry a certain weight, while any addition to it is accompanied by a proportionate sense of oppression. In the same way, what is called indigestion is often simply a result of excess. The amount of food which each man is capable of digesting with ease, has always a limit. The limit bears relation to his age, constitution, state of health and habits."

The particular causes of dyspepsia are many and various in different subjects. Food is necessary to supply the waste of life; and the more rapid the waste, the greater need of replenishing; thus young people require more food than old. But each person should study what suits his constitution individually; as one person may be able to take an amount of food which would be fatal to another. One fault, however, the author points out with regard to the "relative amount and distribution of meals" in our country, which we can verify, as we have seen the disastrous results which have

followed upon taking a light breakfast of coffee or tea and bread and butter, and allowing the stomach to go all day on this light meal, with a still lighter luncheon only, until late dinner in the evening when solid food has been taken for the first time in the twenty-four hours. Where a light breakfast is eaten a solid meal is requisite in the middle of the day. When the organs are left too long unemployed, they secrete an excess of mucus, which greatly interferes with digestion. One meal has a direct influence on the next; and a poor breakfast leaves the stomach overactive for dinner. This is the secret of much excess in eating, and arises from the insufficient quantity and bad quality of the gastric juice. The point to bear in mind, therefore, is, that not to eat a sufficiency at one meal makes you too hungry; you are apt to overload the stomach, and give the gastric juices more to do than they have the power to perform. To eat too often and to eat irregularly is another source of indigestion. People who dine at uncertain hours, and eat one meal too quickly on the last, must expect the stomach to retaliate in the long run. Another very fruitful source of dyspepsia is imperfect mastication. We remember one old gentleman who always used to warn people on this point by saying, "Remember you have no teeth in your stomach." Nervous people nearly always eat fast, and usually are the victims of nervous irritability, produced by dyspepsia. We believe that one reason why dinner parties are not so dangerous—digestively speaking—as they ought to be, is, that people are compelled, through courtesy, to consume their food slowly, and in small quantities each mouthful; thus the quantity consumed is counteracted by the long time used in consumption, which does less violence to the stomach than one plateful of meat flung down unmasticated.

Snuff-taking and smoking produce dyspepsia when the result is waste of saliva. On the other hand, some people find smoking assists digestion if taken in moderation. To sit much in a stooping posture interferes with the stomach's action. Dr. Leared says he has traced "well-marked dyspepsia, to

sitting immediately after dinner in a low arm-chair, so that the body was curved forward, and the stomach compressed; and that in some trades, the pressure of certain implements upon the pit of the stomach, as in the case of carriers, bootmakers and weavers, produces severe dyspepsia."

These are a few of the many sources of dyspepsia. Let us now look at some of the symptoms. First among these is flatulency, which is an exaggeration of the naturally gaseous condition of the stomach. Allied to this is fermentation. To show the discomfort produced by this form, it has been proved by experiment that during fermentation an apple will evolve a volume of gas six hundred times its own size!

To follow closely all the varied symptoms of dyspepsia, would here be out of place. It is worth while to notice a few that are curious, and often borne when unconscious of the cause, which may now be referred distinctly to indigestion. One of these is what is known as the "fidgets," a restless state of body which comes on frequently after dinner, from which there is no relief except by going entirely to rest; and even then it pursues the victim. Another queer symptom is the fancied unnatural size of the limbs or hand. Many can testify to this experience, fancying their hand or leg has grown to a colossal size. All indigestion this. Who would have thought it!

But the most painful form of dyspepsia is that which reacts on the mind, and produces what is so sadly frequent,—mental depression. People of nervous temperaments are peculiarly susceptible to this form, which arises in them from the imperfect and distorted impression produced by impure blood upon the delicate organ of the brain. This impurity is owing to indigestion, which poisons the blood that feeds the brain, and gives rise to all manner of gloomy fancies, and the greater evil of hypochondriasis, which, as the author shows, is only dyspepsia in another form, the detail of which might fill volumes. Among the many perverted fancies, some believe themselves slighted by their friends and the world. Extreme sensitiveness makes others voluntary exiles. Groundless suspicions, irritability, irresolution are also common symptoms. One curious case in point is quoted of a gentleman whose life was rendered miserable by the constant recurrence in his mind of a particular number, which he be-

lieved had some connection which his fate in this world and the next. The fear of lightning was so strong in another gentleman, that it made him ill to mention the subject of electricity.

Surely to escape from such torments were worth a sacrifice, as the monster which sows these evils is to be crushed by those who have courage and self denial equal to the task. The chief essential is diet; but in attacking this, we attack the one formidable difficulty. Who is equal to continued restraint? or being equal, knows to a nicety what, in his particular case, to eat, drink and avoid? as, above all, the rule holds good in dyspepsia, that one man's meat may be another man's poison, both as regards quantity and quality. General rules are laid down, to be followed as their assimilation with the constitution indicates. The evil of not supplying the stomach at breakfast with substantial food has been already noticed, and the author is emphatic in pointing out that it is one which needs correction. Good black tea is recommended as a suitable beverage for breakfast, unless coffee is found preferable. But chocolate should not be taken. Cocoa, properly prepared, may be used by those it suits; and in the case where the nervous system is excitable, barley-water or thin gruel may be taken with advantage, where they do not rise to acidity. Bread eaten by dyspeptics should be of the purest kind, and never new. Brown bread should be avoided by those of delicate mucous membranes. Muffins, hot buttered-toast, and all greasy preparations, are fatal to dyspeptics. Butter should always be eaten cold and sparingly. The underdone yolk of an egg agrees with most digestions; the white is indigestible.

But to go through the category of what should and should not be eaten, would be tiresome. There are certain cardinal rules to go by, which we give as worth remembering; though unfortunately the majority prefer their pains to privation. How often have we heard it said, "I would rather live a few years less, than give up everything worth living for;" that is, eating! But for those who are in earnest in preferring a happy mind to the pleasures of the table, we would give, through our author, the following hints:—

To strive in diet to combine always the greatest nutriment with the least bulk, so that the body may be nourished without

giving the digestion too great a weight to carry, as "we live by what we digest, not by what we eat." To attend particularly to mastication. A faulty state of the teeth is one sure source of dyspepsia, and will produce the complaint where it did not exist in the first instance. Artificial teeth should be employed where the natural ones have failed, or the food minced where these cannot be used.

Regularity in the hours of meals cannot be too strongly insisted on. The stomach should not be disappointed when it expects to be replenished. If disappointed, even a diminished amount of food will be taken without appetite, which causes the secretions to injure the stomach, or else impair its muscular action. Any changes in the time of meals should be made gradually.

Of food itself, bear in mind that hot meat is more digestible than cold. The flesh of wild animals is more digestible than that of domestic animals. Land-birds are more digestible than water-fowl. And in game, long-killed birds are less digestible than those newly killed. With the exception of sweetbread, the visceral parts of the animal, such as liver, heart, and kidneys, are indigestible. White-fleshed fish is easier of digestion than red; and fish containing much oil, as the eel and mackerel, are difficult to digest. Shell-fish are out of court altogether.

Dyspeptics should never eat fried food. Broiled or roast, or boiled, is all that is admissible to them. Hashes, stews and made

dishes produce what is called foul dyspepsia, and are to be eschewed by those who suffer from that form of the malady.

The skin, core and kernels of fruit should be avoided. The author gives a case of dyspepsia that was greatly aggravated by eating pears. The fruit in its ripest state, he says, contains an abundance of gritty material, which, as it cannot be separated in the mouth, on being swallowed irritates the mucous membrane internally.

We are gradually closing up all the pleasant avenues to the employment of the palate, when we say that other prohibited articles are pastry, sweetmeats of all kind, and sugar. The courage of resistance has broken down before this last demand, and to rob a poor man of his sugar is a crime little short of robbing him of his beer. But to fight a foe with his own weapons, one must be as relentless as one's enemy.

The subject of dyspepsia is an inexhaustible one. Look at it as we may, we feel that it is only to be skimmed, or rather hinted at, in these short limits. Still a signpost can indicate the right road to the traveler. If in the present instance we have served in that worthy capacity, by pointing out to dyspeptics the right road to recovery, we shall be glad for their sakes, as well as for that of the late author to whom we have made reference whose extremely useful work deserves to become a hand-book to every one possessing a digestion, and anxious for its good condition.

IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT.

BY JAMES MCINTOSH.

ALMOST everything relating to Egypt is of undying interest. Its vast antiquity, its colossal monuments, its strange history, its mystic religions, its peculiar physical characteristics, have each and all formed the subject of investigation by the scholar, the antiquary, and the naturalist. Once the centre of learning and religion to the civilized world, it has, by the strange mutations of time and chance, become transformed into a kind of charnel-house, where the dead are more remarkable than the living, and where the relics of a past age supercede in interest the living attractions of the present. The ancient race of men, whose figures still adorn their crumbling sepulchres, and whose mummified remains are scattered broadcast throughout Europe and America, have passed off the active stage of life, and their place has been taken by a new people, whose condition of servitude is in effective contrast to the grandeur and glory of the old possessors of the land.

To that land itself there is attached a peculiar interest. In its physical characteristics, it stands alone among the nations. A rainless country, whose soil would soon be transmuted into endless wastes of drifting sand, but that its river, the mysterious Nile, periodically rises and overflows its banks, leaving athwart its course a stretch of submerged country, which, when the waters once more retire to their wonted channel, is found to have become fertilized and enriched, ready to "scatter plenty over a smiling land." But this tract of cultivated and cultivatable soil bears but a small proportion to the boundless areas of desert and wilderness, extending to thousands of square miles, which lie beyond the valley of the Nile. These deserts are mere wastes of blown sand, with rarely a pile of grass to refresh the weary eye, and scarcely a living thing to be seen for miles, except the hungry vulture that follows in the track of the caravan, as the shark is said to swim in the wake of the doomed vessel. Little is known of this wild and weird wilderness, "a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought and of the shadow of death, a land that no man passed through, and where no man dwelt." Any

authentic information, therefore, which comes to us on the subject is necessarily of interest, as few travelers have chosen to explore these forbidden byways of African travel. One of those few is General R. E. Colston, an American officer, for nearly six years in the military service of Ismail Pacha, Khedive of Egypt, and who has given an account of his experiences in those deserts, through the medium of a lecture to the American Geographical Society, as published in their Proceedings.

General Colston did not visit these districts as a mere tourist, but as an explorer, student, and observer. His immediate and official object, indeed, was to make scientific survey of particular districts, and to examine certain ancient gold mines worked by the Egyptians before the Christian era. His first expedition was from Cairo to Kenneh on the Nile, by steamer, about four hundred miles. Thence he passed across to the Eastern Græco-Roman city of Berenice on the Red Sea, where he remained exploring the shores for three months. From this place he proceeded to explore the Eastern Desert, and especially the ancient gold mines of Wady Allaki; thence to Berber on the Nile, then to Abou Hamed, whence he traversed the great desert of Korosko across the bend of the Nile. In a second expedition, he crossed the western deserts from about the same point to the province of Kordofan. Here he was prostrated by sunstroke, and partially paralyzed, and lay six months at Obeyad, in what was supposed to be a dying condition. At the end of this time, he was transported twelve hundred miles in a camel litter across two great deserts, till he reached Sorkim on the Red Sea, whence he was conveyed by ship to Suez. This outline of his journeys, which can be traced on any map of Africa, will render his description of the routes traveled more intelligible.

To his powers of great and accurate observation, General Colston adds those of literary skill in the statement and description of what he saw, the places explored being represented in his lecture with a vividness and force of characterization which

bring the scenes before us as in a picture. He begins by referring to what is to be seen in the sail of four hundred miles up the Nile to Kenneh, the starting point of his first desert journey. "Sometimes the valley of the Nile expands like a green carpet on either side, with its rich harvests, its whitening cotton, its green sugar-canes and waving palms, in the midst of which sits embowered here and there a native village, with its quaint pigeon-houses and its lonely minaret. Further up, under the fig-trees and mimosas, shines in the magic moonlight of Egypt the white dome which covers the tomb of a Mussulman saint. As we pass the villages at sunrise and sunset, we see long files of veiled women in their dark blue robes, their water-jars gracefully poised on their heads, coming down to fill them at the river-bank, and then walking away with a grace and stateliness astonishing in mere peasants. At other points the utterly barren hills of the Arabian and Libyan chains come down to the very water's edge, and nought is to be seen but the most dreary and desolate desert, without a blade of grass, or a sign of human or animal life,—nothing but the rugged red or yellow cliffs, with the heated air visibly quivering on their surface under the fierce rays of the African sun. Then, again, on one shore or the other, sometimes on both at once, the mountains recede for a mile or two; and as the panorama unrolls itself before us, we see majestic temples and ruins, pyramids and obelisks, flitting before our fascinated gaze; to be succeeded in turn by the huge and prosaic chimneys of some of the Khedive's great sugar-refineries."

Then follow the arrangements of the land journey. The Sheik and Bedouins who are to guide them on their explorations are selected, the necessary riding and baggage camels provided, with fifty other camels carrying water in skins slung over their backs; and then, after much strong language on the part of the drivers, and loud groans and protestations from the camels as they receive their respective loads, the huge caravan begins its journey through the wild, monotonous waste of sand.

"The moment we leave the banks of the Nile, we enter a world entirely strange and new,—a waterless land, without rivers, creeks, rivulets, or springs; nothing but scanty and more or less brackish wells, at long intervals; and in the mountainous regions, some natural rocky reservoirs, where

the rare rain-water collects in the brief and uncertain rainy season." When the writer crossed the Eastern Desert in the fall of 1873, there had been no rain for three years; so that the first thing to be provided in starting was a supply of water sufficient to last from the Nile to the first well, and then from each well to the next.

In carrying the water, the natives employ exclusively goat or ox skins. When a goat is killed they cut off his head and his legs at the hocks and knees; and after splitting the skin a short way down his breast, turn him out of his jacket by pulling it off like a stocking. After the hide is cured, the legs are tightly tied up, leaving only the neck open; and thus a large bottle is formed capable of holding from six to ten gallons according to the size of the defunct goat. These water-skins, called *girbehs*, after a few days' use keep the water very sweet. In the excessive heat of the desert, however, they lose a great quantity of their contents by evaporation. Military trains, in addition, are supplied with flattened zinc barrels, whose shape is adapted for hanging to the pack-saddles. These have screw stoppers, which prevent all leakage and evaporation. The water carried in the *girbehs* in the sun gets quite warm, and that in the zinc barrels almost boils. As soon, therefore, as the traveler gets to camp, a portion of the water is poured out into open skins, and hung on tripods in the shade; when in the course of half an hour it becomes drinkable, and by midnight is as cold as fresh spring-water.

As a consequence, water in the desert is a very precious possession; for should the traveler find that the well on which he relied has gone dry, it may mean death to him in one its cruellest forms. In that waterless land, therefore, even the pious Arab abstains from his religious ablutions before prayer, his law permitting him in such a case to wash his hands and feet with sand. As a rule, the water found in the scattered wells is very bad. "The first thing on arriving at a well is to taste its water, and everyone takes a sip, rolling it in his mouth and testing it, as epicures do rare wine. Great is the joy if it is pronounced 'good water'; but when the guides say 'no good, you know it is a strong solution of Epsom salts,' the observation, he says, is correct, and give

us little knowledge of him except his ungainly and unsymmetrical appearance, his gawky and lumbering gait. These are mostly Tartar or Syrian camels, with large frames, big heads and necks, coarse legs, and long hair, adapted for protection against the cold winters of Syria, Persia, and Tartary. General Colston calls the Arabian camel "the most wondrously curious animal that God ever made." Arabia has produced the best breed of these animals, which differs greatly from the Bactrian or Tartary camel. The Arabian camel has but one hump, and seldom exceeds nine feet to the top of it. His proper home is the desert. In richer lands, where food is very abundant, he becomes larger and coarser, and loses his most valuable quality, that of being able to live on food, and of passing many days without any water at all. The camel and the dromedary are the same animal, differing only in breed, as the cart-horse differs from the race-horse. The dromedary corresponds to the latter, and is used to ride on. He is distinguished by his small head and ears, slim neck, and especially slender and wiry legs. With no load but his rider, water-skin, and a little food, he may travel a hundred miles a day for four or five days without injury. On an emergency he can even go one hundred and fifty miles a day; a stress, however, which renders the poor animal useless afterward. The burden-camel, corresponding to our dray or cart-horse, carries a load of four hundred pounds, and walks two and a half miles an hour, regularly as a clock. He is coarser, heavier, and slower than the dromedary.

The complaints which have been made of the difficulty of riding a camel—of the headache and nausea it causes—proceed, in the writer's opinion, from travelers who do not know how to ride him. After the rider has once mastered the art of mounting and dismounting, there is no further trouble; and anyone accustomed to horse-back may, in the general's opinion, learn in a single day to ride and manage the camel. "He is the most docile and manageable of all animals, excepting only the Egyptian donkey." The simple art of easy camel-riding consists chiefly in not permitting your camel to walk, except in deep sand, or over steep rocky ground, where you cannot help it. "There is not a more back-breaking, skin-abrading motion than a camel's walk; but if you press him into a gentle pace, which is the natural

gait of a dromedary, he moves both legs on the same side together. Thus he will go all day, with perfect ease to you, and no fatigue to himself, at the rate of about five miles an hour. In that gait his motion feels exactly like that of a very easy trotting horse, though, of course, camels are like horses, some moving easier than others. With every increase of the rapidity of his gait, he goes rougher." The higher speed of the dromedary enables the traveler to ride on in advance, and take two or three rests in the course of the day, in order to allow the slower burden-camels to come up. But they all camp together at night.

To turn from the camel to the inhabitants of the country, the writer notices that as you ascend the Nile the population becomes darker in complexion; but it is not till the limits of Nubia are passed, that people with negro characteristics begin to be found. The Bedoween or Bedouins are the inhabitants of the deserts. Their wealth is in flocks and camels, and no consideration can induce them to move into fertile places and work the ground. They act as carriers and camel-drivers, and often suffer great privation; yet the freedom of the desert is more precious to them than the plenty of the settlements, and they look down with unutterable scorn upon the inhabitants of towns, whom they contemptuously call "dwellers among bricks." "Their condition at the present day is very much like their ancestors, in the days of Abraham and Lot and Ishmael, and their customs have changed but little since that time. Each tribe is governed in an absolutely patriarchal way by its sheik." The subjects of some of these sheiks number as many as seventy thousand souls.

The Arabs divide their deserts into two kinds. The first they call wildernesses, being diversified by valleys or water-courses, where their flocks can wander and find pasture. The second is the *atmour*, or desert proper, consisting of hard gravel, diversified by zones of deep sands, rocky belts, and rugged defiles. "It is absolutely and entirely destitute of all vegetation. Not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of grass relieves the eyes, which are painfully affected by the fierce reflection of the sunlight upon the yellow sand. No shade whatever is to be found, unless it is cast by some great rock. These *atmours*, generally nine or ten days' journey across, are like oceans, which you

may traverse on your four-footed ship, but where you may not tarry, and where caravans cross each other like vessels on the ocean."

Here is a picture of a desert journey, with its terrible privations and experiences: "It is now May, 1875. The sun has again crossed the line, and is shining vertically over our heads. We are on the west of the Nile, on the desolate *atmours* which separate the river from the hardly less barren plains of Kordofan. A more parched, blasted, and blighted country than it is at this period cannot be conceived. It is the end of the dry season, and half the rare wells are exhausted; and those which are not, furnish only a scant supply of brackish water at temperatures of eighty degrees or more. The deeper the wells, the warmer the water. The marches are perfectly terrible, and yet it is worse to halt during the day than to keep moving; for under the tents the heat redoubles as in a hothouse, making it impossible to rest or sleep. Thus we march from earliest dawn often till night; for we must make the distance between the wells before our water gives out. On the burning sand the sun beats down with a fierceness which cannot be described. The barrel of our gun, the stirrup of our saddle, blister our hand and our foot. The thermometer rises to a hundred and fifty degrees in the sun; and in spite of the protection of your white helmet, a heavy silk scarf over it, and the umbrella you carry, your skin peels off in blisters, and your brain almost boils in your skull."

Deserts such as Korosko and Shgéré which are nine or ten days across, seem to be all but bereft of animal life. "The ostrich," says our author, "and hyena cross them swiftly by night, and the ever-present vulture wings his ceaseless flight over them. No one can realize the combination of complete silence, solitude, and infinite space, who has not been in those deserts. When night comes, and the Bedouins are all asleep in their bivouacs, walk away from the camp in the unequaled moonlight of Africa, beyond the first ridge of sand or rock; around you stretches an immense sea-like horizon. The sand gleams as white as snow in the moon's rays. Not a sound falls upon your ear, not the murmur of a breeze, not the hum of the smallest insect, not the rustle of leaf or grass; silence, only silence as profound as death, unless it is broken by the distant howl of a prowling hyena. Thus we

travel the weary days, longing for night to come; while the sun, our fierce enemy, not only drinks our blood, burns our flesh, and blisters our tongues, but also dries up our *girbehs*, which, full at starting, are shriveled to half their size by evaporation before the end of the first day.

"No more jokes and laughter now along the column. The soldiers and servants, covering their heads with blankets and turbans, bring over all the hoods of their heavy cloth burnouses, leaving only a narrow aperture sufficient to see; but, strange to say, the Bedouins, 'to the manner born,' trudge along on foot, bare-headed and almost naked, without suffering as much as we do. The air that blows is literally like blasts from a furnace or a brick-kiln. Over the surface of the plain it quivers visibly in the sun, like that which rises from a red-hot stove; and now the mirage, seen on all plains, appears with redoubled vividness, as if in mockery of our sufferings. It distorts and magnifies every distant object. When we come to some portion of the plain dotted with low bushes less than a yard high, they are extravagantly magnified. We long for some slight shade for our noonday meal. We see some trees half a mile ahead, and we hasten toward them; but as we approach, they dwindle down to small bushes. But surely there are trees a little farther on, and we ride toward them, and on, and on, with the same result, until experience teaches us it is all a delusion, and we have at last to take our lunch under the shadow of our camels. On the plains, the herbage, if we find any, is so dry that it crumbles to dust under the camel's tread; and the few trees are utterly bare of foliage, exhibiting the paradox of a wintry aspect under this intense heat."

It says much for the courage and self-denial of our race, that such scenes as these can be faced, to glean for us who stay at home a knowledge of those strange and distant lands. And yet how many risk themselves in the attempt, — wandering over boundless wastes of burning sand, trackless but for the whitened bones of the fallen camels which the preceding caravan has dropped lifeless by the way. We have only given a tithe of the information to be found in General Colston's paper; but it may be sufficient to indicate not only his ability to depict what he saw, but the fortitude and physical endurance which enabled him to traverse that desert land.

JEM BRIGGS' FIND.

The other day I met on Kearney Street an old-time Washoe acquaintance called Jem Briggs, whose usually well-worn miner's appearance was on this occasion replaced by a gorgeous display of velvet vest, check pants, red scarf, and ponderous watch-chain, while his honest and simple face shown above these evidences of prosperity with the placid contentment of a full harvest moon.

"Hello, Jem," I said, "glad to see you looking so prosperous. You must have struck it rich."

"So I have," said Jem, and then, as his tanned face saddened a little he continued, "but I had a mighty tough loss, though. My partner, Ned Bimber—you remember Ned—has gone up the shaft."

"Dead, eh?"

"Yes, I'll tell you how it was. You see, Ned and I had a quarrel about two years ago. Don't matter now what it was all about. Mebbe Ned was wrong, and mebbe I was, but all the same, neither of us would back down; coupl'er fools, you'll say, so we were; and the upshot was that

we parted, and agreed never to speak to each other again."

"And didn't you?"

"No, sir, more shame for us, as we had been pard, thick and thin, for fifteen years together. Well, about six months after that Ned got a good gravel claim up on the Feather, where they've been turning the river bed, and he struck it rich—cleaned up nigh on to \$250,000 in ten months."

"And how were you getting on?"

"Oh, clean broke. Working up at Gold Hill for three dollars a day. Well, I was kinder sneakin' glad to learn of Ned's luck, for all we're outs, but the next thing I heard was that he had been killed by the banks caving in on him. He lived just long enough to make his will. Well, the lawyers wrote as how Ned was worth just about \$220,000, and the will gave \$5,000 to each of three distant cousins of his'n—they had all come out from the East when they heard of Ned's find—and the same amount to me, mind you, just as though we hadn't quarreled. But Ned allers was a 'centric sort of cuss, and the will provided that none of us should get the money if we attended the funeral. He didn't want anybody at the funeral but just the undertaker. The will said he had 'lived lonely and he wanted to be buried lonely.' Them's just the words, and I felt they were intended for me, sure. The disposition of the rest of the estate, about \$200,000, was provided for in another codicil, to be opened the day after the funeral, but we all supposed it was donated to a charitable object, for Ned hadn't any kin exceptin' the cousins."

"You stayed away from the funeral?"

"That's just the point. Somehow I felt so miserable and down-hearted that—you see, Ned was the onliest partner I ever had—that I determined to see him sent down on his last cage anyway, money or no money, and I did."

"And the cousins?"

"None of 'em went. Fact is, they were so disgusted with the 'divvy' that they cleared out down to 'Frisco to see about breaking the will. So I was the only mourner at the funeral. My friends thought I was fit for the crazy house to throw away the \$5,000 like that—well I just couldn't help it. It turned out though to be the best lead I ever struck."

"How was that?"

"Why, the next day when the main will was opened we found it really gave the entire balance of the clean up to whichever of us four disobeyed the condition for the \$5,000 bequests. So you see I came in for the whole lump just like a knife. And do you know, as sure as gun's iron,

I shall allers believe that Ned put up the job a-purpose, cause he knowed I'd be thar."—*San Francisco Examiner*.

THEY HAD NO BELL.—An American, recently returned from Paris, relates an amusing incident that happened to him in a Turkish bath-house there. He had patiently submitted to the various rubbings, kneadings and pummelling operations of the treatment. When the shampoo was finished the attendant dried him with a towel and then dealt his victim three heavy and sonorous slaps on the back.

"Mille tonnerres!" the victim cried, "what did you strike me for?"

"Pardon, Monsieur, do not let that trouble you," was the reply, "it was only to let the other man know that I have done with you and that he can send in the next customer. Monsieur can see that we have no bell in this room."

THE SIDE TO SLEEP ON.—"Which side should I sleep on, doctor?" he inquired.

"In winter or summer?" asked the doctor, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

"What's that got to do with it?" exclaimed the patient, half angrily.

"A great deal," responded the doctor, mysteriously.

"I don't see it."

"Of course you don't," said the imperturbable; "if you did you wouldn't be here asking me questions about it."

"Go ahead then," said the patient, sitting back resignedly.

"Well," continued the doctor, "in winter when it's cold, you should sleep on the inside; but in such weather as this you should sleep on outside, in a hammock, with a draught all round it, and a piece of ice for a pillow. Two dollars, please."—*Med. Record*.

SHE COINCIDED.—A young man, with a wide-brimmed straw hat on the back of his head and a look of forgiveness for everybody on his face entered a suburban car at a South Side depot yesterday afternoon, scanned the few passengers who had gone aboard, and took his seat by the side of a pretty, black-eyed young woman half way down the aisle.

"I beg your pardon," he said with an engaging smile. "The car isn't full yet but it soon will be, and I think one runs less risk of getting an undesirable seatmate if one makes the selection one's self. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir, I do," she replied, rising up at once and taking a seat by the side of a white-haired old lady on the other side of the car.

KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.—"Those who know Mr. Emerson best," said Miss Louise M. Alcott, "were assured that what seemed the

decline of his faculties in his latter years was largely but a seeming; it was only words he could not command at will. His very forgetfulness of the names of things would often give occasion for a flash of his quaint, shrewd wit. I remember once he started for his usual walk, when a light shower came up and he returned for his umbrella, he could not remember the word umbrella, and we, who had not noticed the shower, had no clue to what he was searching for. Another walking stick was brought him, another hat, a fresh kerchief, only to be refused, with that perplexed shake of the head. 'I want,' said he at last—'I want—that thing—that your friends always—borrow—and never—bring back!' Could any one fail to recognize that description?"

HORSES IN HEAVEN.—"I tell you," said Hiram, turning slightly to the doctor, "these horses are just as near human as is good for 'em. A good horse has sense just as much as a man has; and he's proud, too, and he loves to be praised, and he knows when you treat him with respect. A good horse has the best pints of a man, without his fallin's."

"What do you think becomes of horses, Hiram, when they die?" said Rose.

"Wal, Miss Rose, it's my opinion that there's use for horses hereafter, and that you'll find there's a horse in heaven. There's Scripture for that too."

"Ah!" said Rose, a little surprised at these confident assertions. "What Scripture do you mean?"

"Why in the book of Revelations. Don't it give an account of a white horse and black horse, and gray horse. I've allers s'posed that when it said Death rode on a pale horse, it must have been gray, 'cause it had mentioned a white one already. In the ninth chapter, too, it says, there was an army of 200,000 horsemen. Now, I should like to know where they get so many horses in heaven if none of 'em that die off here go there! It's my opinion that a good horse's a darned sight likelier to go to heaven than a bad man."

HOW A WOMAN SHOPS.—Women have the reputation of never doing things by halves. If any man has an idea they do, let him join one of the fair sex on a shopping tour and his mind will be at rest forever on the subject.

The woman on shopping bent down her street apparel immediately after her breakfast, "so as to avoid the rush," and sallies forth.

She generally wants some trifling thing which might be bought at some of the smaller shops up town.

But no, she prefers to go down town for her goods. She reckons not how hot and crowded the L cars are, for the joys of shopping are ahead of her.

She has no list of what she needs—or, rather what she wants—for, mark you, there is a vast difference between her wants and needs.

It is a popular belief that man born of woman is of few days and full of—muscle, but for unlimited muscle and unbridled energy your shop-ping woman is vastly any man's superior.

The man who attends the fair shopper generally does so in a half apologetic manner, probably for fear some woman may think he is shopping on his own account,

Arrived at their destination his energetic companion rushes madly ahead, now pausing to look at some filmy handkerchiefs—"were thirty-nine, now nineteen"—then rattling over a bushel of scissors piled on a counter, while he, superior being, stalks slowly behind, scarcely noting anything.

The shopper usually fetches up at some far away counter, and as the clerk steps up to attend, the man companion seats himself on one of those abominable perforated stools common to shops frequent by women.

"Thanks, no," he answers the inquiring clerk, and his significant glance at his shopping friend satisfies that individual.

He's not shopping.

But meanwhile the woman is.

She shops all around that stool for three-quarters of an hour, and the man gets tired and swings on his perch. Occasionally there is a smile on the woman's face as she glances at her waiting escort. He smiles back in a sickly way.

Now she finishes and starts away, and joy springs up in the waiting man's heart—and a swear word in his mouth, for one of the brass tacks in the stool on which he sat has snagged his coat tail.

He is mad but the dear little woman is so happy with her bargains that he mutters only under his breath, and is glad to be once more out in the fresh air and sunlight.

The amount of the woman's purchase is twenty-four cents and the time consumed over two hours, but that is the way women shop.

Perhaps it is because they do not "carry the purse" and like to prolong the joy of spending money, like a child with a few sweets.

Never the less they never do it by halves.—*New York Recorder.*

SOME CHAMPION LIARS.—There were several men on the train coming eastward from the Salt Lake region who told wonderful stories of the heat of the alkali plains. I noticed a contemptuous expression on the face of an old settler, who was listening as if he didn't wholly believe all he had heard, and finally he took a turn in the conversation. Said he:—

"Gentlemen, your talk is all child's play,

Heat! I give you my word of honor that when my wife wants to boil eggs she just puts them in a pan of cold water on the roof, and in three minutes by the clock them eggs are boiled."

There was silence for a moment, then a thin voice piped up:—

"Where does she get the cold water?"

Before this stunner could be disposed of, another man took a hand in the confab.

"Me and my wife don't keef for biled eggs—we prefer 'em baked. When my wife sets the table for breakfast she spreads out a row of eggs on the window sill and in two jiffies they're baked ready to eat. The only trouble is they're likely to be overdone.

There was a spell of thinking; then a long, lean man with a caved-in chest, said in a whistling kind of voice:—

"That's why I'm leaving the country."

"On account of the heat?" I suggested.

"Yes, being natchually tender-hearted, I don't like to live where baked chickens walks around with the feathers on. That's all I have agin the climate. I never heard of but one place that was hotter."

That wound up the discussion, and the last speaker remained champion of the crowd.—*Lyons Advertiser.*

SHE SET HIM RIGHT.—A confirmed old bachelor of most exemplary habits, living in his own house in Detroit, recently advertised for a hired girl. He received many letters, and finally selecting one, which seemed to him about right, he invited the writer to call, and a very substantial woman of forty responded.

"You see," he explained, "I want a good, thrifty, careful woman in my house."

"I understand," she replied.

"She must cook, wash, and iron, clean up the house, attend to my clothes, sew on buttons, do repairing, do the marketing, attend the door, pay the bills as they come in, and kindle my fire in the morning."

"Oh," she said, as she rose to depart, "you don't want a hired girl; what you want is a wife. Good morning," and she very politely and pleasantly walked out.

THE OFFICE SHE WANTED.—"Now, said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honey-moon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or vice-president of this society?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice president," she answered; "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What is that?"

"Treasurer."

UPS AND DOWNS.—It seems to be the law of the universe that opposites cause one another to exist. Were there no night, there could be no day; were there no heat, there would be no cold; were there no negatives, we could know no positives; were there no evil, we could not really *distinguish any good*; were there no ups, there would be no downs. So learned the fox in the old fable who one night came to a deep well; peering into it as the moon shone, he thought that he saw something bright and alluring at the bottom. Accordingly he got into one of the buckets and down he went splash into the water and soon discovered that his fascinating object was nought but moonshine. Now he was in a fix, but being something of a philosopher, while studying the condition of things he realized it to be growing dark, and as he looked up lo, there was a wolf gazing into the well who halloed:—

“What are you down there for?”

He responded:—

“I am feasting on green cheese which you can see here; come and share it with me.”

“How shall I do so?” asked the wolf.

“Oh, get into the bucket up there and come down.”

The wolf, not given to second thought, complied at once, and being the heavier he commenced to descend and the fox to ascend. As they were soon passing each other, the fox informed his deliverer that he had left plenty for him, adding:—

“As one goes up the other goes down; that is the way the world goes round.”

On reaching the top, jump went the fox, little caring for the fellow he had left in the well.

"LOUIZY ALLEN'S BEAU."

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

"**L**OUIZY ALLEN'S got a beau, as sure as I 'm a livin' woman!"

Miss Mehetabel Wiggin was peering through the closed blinds of her front parlor at two figures which were pacing up and down the shady paths of the Widow Allen's pretty garden opposite.

"Now you don't say, Hetty!"

And from the dining-room, where she had been washing up the china teacups, appeared Miss Lupira, her younger sister.

Miss Lupira reached the window in a marvelously short space of time, considering that she was an exceedingly fat and roly-poly little woman of forty.

"And we're the first to know of it, Hetty! I'm sure of it. Hannah Spriggins was here this morning, and never mentioned the Allens. Now to find out who he is! I thought as like as not Louizy would catch a beau when she went to Boston. It's my opinion that's what it was done for."

"He ain't much to look at, that's certain," said Miss Mehetabel. "He looks old enough to be her father. His hair 's as black as a coal; but it's my belief it's a wig. Lawful sakes! there he is a-kissin' of her hand right out there in the garden. The minister himself might be goin' by, for all they'd know, with their backs turned. Who'd think the Widow Allen would allow such goin's-on! But, there! I always had my doubts about her bein' all she'd ought to be. And Louizy is an artful little minx, with all her soft-spoken ways."

"Hetty! Hetty! there's Mr. Jarvis, the expressman, coming up the street with a big trunk. I know it's going there. Can't we

stop him, and look at the name that's on it?"

And Miss Hetty's shrill voice instantly arrested the headlong course of the expressman.

"O Mr. Jarvis! I want to send a parcel to Dixmont. I will get it ready in a minute."

And, while Miss Mehetabel was preparing her bundle, Miss Lupira walked down to the gate to inquire after the health of Mr. Jarvis's family. Her little, keen blue eyes soon discovered a bit of pasteboard on the end of the trunk, which they had decided was the property of "Louizy Allen's beau." "F. K. Warfield" was the name written on it.

This discovery was imparted to Miss Mehetabel as soon as the expressman had gone.

"I should have been mad enough if we hadn't found out, for I didn't just want to send that old carpet to Mary Grimes. We decided that it was too good, the other day, you know; but I couldn't think of any other errand, to save my life. And there goes the trunk up the front stairs! I don't begrudge the carpet now; for the Widow Allen is so close-mouthed we might have been weeks finding out. F. K. Warfield! Now I'll write to Semanthy to look in the Boston Directory, and find out what he does, and where he lives."

The Misses Wiggin, with their faithful maid Sally, and their ancient cat Moses, lived alone in a snug little house and superintended the affairs of all Poppleton, from the settling of a new minister to the number of slices of bread and jam propriety allowed the little Stubbses next-door to consume in a forenoon.

Miss Mehetabel, who was tall and angular and forty-five, and of decidedly unpleasant countenance, had a regard for the opposite sex, and had not yet abandoned her hopes of entering the matrimonial state. She was always paying attention to one or more single gentlemen.

Miss Lupira, on the other hand, was very shy of the male sex, blushing and dropping her eyes if one of the audacious creatures looked at her. She was always having hair-breath escapes from ardent admirers who followed her home, and she never entered a street-car without being stared at impertinently.

On one occasion a man went so far as to wink at her; and from this momentous occasion Miss Lupira dated all subsequent events.

"Let me see," she was wont to say, in relating events: "it happened about a month"—or a year, as the case might be—"after the man winked at me."

And Miss Mehetabel's suggestion, that the man might have had an affection of the eye, was received with angry scorn by Miss Lupira.

Miss Mehetabel had never enjoyed the distinction of being winked at.

The Misses Wiggin were not adored by their fellow-Poppletonians; but they were possessed of some property, and they always had the latest news to tell; on which accounts they were held in some consideration.

The Widow Allen, who lived opposite them, was very reserved, and the Misses Wiggin found no favor in her eyes.

Louise Allen, a blooming maiden of twenty, never went out of the house without being peered after by one of the spinsters, and never went to a concert or a party that one of them didn't sit up till she returned, to see who came home with her, and report it all over Poppleton before she was up the next morning.

It is not to be expected, under the circumstances, that Miss Louise would entertain a warm regard for the Misses Wiggin. So it came to pass that there was very little intercourse between the two families.

When visitors who were unknown to the spinsters made their appearance at the Widow Allen's, they at once despatched their maid Sally to borrow something, and with instructions to get all the information possible; but here the "war of races" interfered

somewhat with the spinsters' plans; for Chloe, the presiding genius of the Allen kitchen, was black, and "didn't like pad-dies," and Sally "couldn't abide the nasty naygurs."

Miss Mehetabel declared it to be her opinion that the only reason for their keeping Chloe, "who had 'thief' written in her face if ever a girl had," was because she wouldn't associate with other girls, and tell of the "carrying-ons" they had there.

As soon as F. K. Warfield's trunk had been carried in, and the door closed upon the retreating expressman, the Misses Wiggin sought the kitchen to interview their faithful Sally.

"Sally, I want you to go straight over to Mis' Allen's, and carry that cup of vinegar you borrowed last week. And, Sally, be sure you say that Miss Louizy's beau is very handsome, and ask Chloe whether her engagement-ring is a diamond, or a pearl, or what."

"I'm ag'in' talkin' to naygurs at all," said Sally.

But she went quite obediently, nevertheless.

The Misses Wiggin waited, breathless with suspense, until Sally returned.

"Sure, the sarcy naygur says he's handsome fur them as likes his looks," reported Sally. "And she axed me how I knew he was Miss Louizy's beau, an' I said you guessed it, an' she said then you could guess whatever was her engagement-ring."

"It's of no use to try to depend upon Sally and that impudent Chloe," said Miss Mehetabel decisively. "We must find out ourselves."

So it happened that the next day Miss Mehetabel took a twilight walk upon a street which bounded the Widow Allen's garden on the back. Miss Mehetabel had a theory that what the front of a house would not reveal about its inmates the back of it would.

And, sure enough, there was "Louizy's beau" industriously pulling weeds out of a beet-bed, and, oh, favoring Fates! all by himself. It wasn't a wig; but he was all of forty-five, and had a bald spot as large as a silver dollar on his crown, and a queer twitching of the eyelids that reminded her of the man who winked at Lupira. He had a very marked Roman nose, and a large, ugly mouth.

"Clearly," she mused, "'t was not his beauty did it."

"He must have money," she continued, after watching him, in silence, a moment longer. "I always knew that Louizy Allen was a mercenary minx."

She approached the fence, and smiled blandly over it.

It was wasted. He did not look up.

This was too good an opportunity to be lost by bashfulness; and, fortunately, bashfulness was not one of Miss Mehetabel's failings.

"Good-evening, sir," she remarked graciously. "A beautiful evening."

"Louizy's beau" jumped as if he had been hit by a bullet.

"Good-evening — ah — ah — madam," he stammered.

"Miss," corrected Miss Mehetabel blandly. "I am Miss Mehetabel Wiggin, a neighbor. I see that you like gardening. I do so love the pursuits of agriculture myself that I could not help stopping to watch you."

"I like it when I bask in the beams of such radiant beauty as now shines on me," exclaimed the little gentleman,—he was very short, though very stout,—clasping his hands ecstatically.

"Is the man making fun of me?" thought Miss Mehetabel, who had not a doubt that she was very good-looking, but who had never been called a radiant beauty, that she could remember. "If he is making fun of me, that little minx, Louizy Allen, must have put him up to it."

The thought caused Miss Mehetabel to frown severely.

"Oh, pardon me! pardon me!" he exclaimed. "Do not frown upon me, and turn my sunshine into night. My emotions were too strong to be suppressed; but, oh! I trust I have not offended you beyond forgiveness. Your beauty dawned upon me so suddenly, and you remind me so strongly of one I loved years ago. Pardon me, and say that we shall meet again."

"Well, I am sure," simpered Miss Mehetabel, and dropped her eyes, like a bashful school-girl.

Surely no one could doubt his sincerity! At last she was appreciated. At last the dream of her life was realized; she had a *bone-fide* lover.

Just at this moment, most unfortunately, a door was heard to open at the house, and somebody came out.

Miss Mehetabel moved swiftly away.

"Oh, say that you will come again," the little gentleman called after her. "Let this be our trysting-place."

Miss Mehetabel went home in a dream of delight. She had captured "Louizy Allen's beau!" Could there be greater happiness than that?

For once in her life she was reticent with regard to her experiences. Miss Lupira could find out nothing, but that she had seen "Louizy's beau," and he was very handsome. That was very astonishing, for Miss Mehetabel was inclined to think other women's lovers "horrid-looking creatures"; and Miss Lupira determined to see "F. K. Warfield" for herself as soon as possible.

That very night, Miss Spriggins, who was a retail dealer in millinery goods, and a wholesale dealer in gossip, came in with a bit of news.

"Mis' Lawton says that Louizy Allen has got a beau, and his name is Frank Warfield. She's been a-writin' to him constant ever since she come home from Boston."

Mrs. Lawton was the postmaster's wife.

"We knew as much as that ourselves," said Miss Mehetabel, with dignity, and then made signs energetically to Miss Lupira to say no more.

Miss Lupira was much bewildered at the state of affairs, her sister's conduct was so mysterious. Never before had Miss Mehetabel manifested any reluctance to tell all she knew.

Miss Lupira took a morning stroll, before the dew was off the grass, the next morning.

She put on a white dress and a chip hat with lavender trimmings, carried a bouquet in her hand, and walked around the Widow Allen's grounds.

"Louizy's beau" was walking up and down, in a secluded corner of the garden, reading aloud, in declamatory style, from a book of poems.

The book dropped from his hand at sight of Miss Lupira, and he rushed up to the fence.

"Oh! what vision of loveliness is this that crosses my pathway?" he cried. "Oh! are you Cleopatra, or Helen the most fair? Oh, cruel, cruel barrier that separates us twain!" And he eyed the rather high board fence tragically.

Miss Lupira blushed, and hurried away; but, like Lot's wife of old, she soon looked back.

"Oh, do not flee, beauteous vision!" he exclaimed. "Draw near, and let me reveal the emotions which thou hast aroused in my heart."

Miss Lupira fled; but she "came that way again" the next morning. And on this occasion she went so far as to pause for a moment, and listen to the little gentleman's delightful flattery, and even to utter a few timid words herself. And, for the first time in her life, she had a secret from her sister. This was a real lover, and she could not talk about him as she could about the dreadful man who winked at her.

Miss Mehetabel took her walks in the twilight, and Miss Lupira took hers in the early morning; and they each managed to always go alone, and each was so intent on keeping her own secret that she never suspected the other of having one.

And so the wooing sped apace in each case.

One evening the unsuspecting little gentleman and Miss Mehetabel had listeners to their love-making. In the rustic summer-house, near them, were secreted "Louizy" and a very handsome young man. They evidently had to make very great efforts to keep from interrupting the *tete a tete* by shrieks of laughter.

"Oh, I thought I should scream! How could you help it?" said Miss Louise, leaning confidently upon the young man's arm. "To think of his asking her to marry him, and her taking it all in such dreadful earnest! And did you hear her call him 'dear Frank'?"

"I'm afraid it won't do to let him go on so,—poor Uncle Frank! We shall have to send him back to the asylum. Your mother says he proposed to Chloe this morning! And he is destroying the garden now. He has pulled every beet out of that bed that he weeded so carefully, and set the weeds out in their places; and he has pulled up the carrots, and stuck them in bottom side up. Poor fellow! and he was just as sensible as anybody once! See what a dreadful thing it is to be disappointed in love. You had better take care that such a thing never happens to me. I might be crazy too. I really don't know but that I should."

And young Mr. Frank Warfield looked very affectionately into his betrothed's pretty face, and forgot his uncle for a few moments in doing a little love-making on his own account.

"No, Frank," said Louise returning to the subject: "don't send him back yet. He enjoys the garden so much; and, if he wants to destroy a few vegetables, that is very little harm. And, besides, it is such fun. Those two horrid old maids, who have been my *betes noir* ever since I was a little girl. No, I am not too hard on them; you would not think so if you knew how much harm their meddling and gossip have done in this town. But I don't see how he can make love to both of them, in the way he does, without their suspecting each other."

It was rather suprising; but the reason was, that each was too much absorbed in her love-affairs to think much about the other.

"Lupiry, I have something to tell you which will probably surprise you very much," announced Miss Mehetabel with great solemnity, on her return from one of her twilight walks. "I am going to be married."

"Mehetabel! you don't say so!"

And Miss Lupira, in her amazement, sat down on her sister's bonnet. But bonnets were a trifle to Miss Mehetabel now.

"Is it Elder Whitlow, or Ebenezer Robinson, or?"

"Neither of those, Lupiry, neither of those," dismissing all those objects of her former attentions with a majestic wave of the hand. "They were all worthy men; but I never could bring myself to favor their suits, because I couldn't feel either of them to be my soul's true mate. But I have found him at last, Lupiry,—my twin soul. But he wishes our engagement to be a secret, and our marriage strictly private, on account of family reasons."

Miss Lupira started at this.

"We are to be married the first of September, and I shall have Miss Robinson here to make my trussoo right off," she added.

Miss Lupira drew a long sigh, which sounded like one of relief. A faint shadow of suspicion had crossed her mind; but this made it all right. Family reasons made it necessary for her own marriage with Mr. Warfield to be extremely private; but she was going to elope with him in a week from that day.

She tried her best to find out who Mehetabel's sweetheart was, but in vain.

She was almost appalled by the boldness of her own undertaking. Poor, timid Miss Lupira! It did seem a dreadful thing to let a man run away with one. And sometimes, in spite of her promise to her lover, she was

tempted to tell Mehetabel all about it; but that worthy woman was wholly absorbed in her "trussoo," and the dressmaker was there constantly, so she had no opportunity if she had had courage.

The eventful day of the elopement came at last.

The little gentleman was to appear under Miss Lupira's window at precisely twelve o'clock. She did not propose to descend from the window, nature not having blessed her with a form adapted to such feats. She was to steal softly out of the door, and Mr. Warfield was to have a carriage in waiting. Poor Miss Lupira! she was soon to learn that:—

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

At dinner that day, Sally, who waited on the table, had some news to impart.

"It's a quare, crazy crayther they have across the way," she said. "The same yees thought was Miss Louizy's beau; an' sure he ain't, but his crazy uncle, an' they a-takin' him back to the crazy-house to-day. An' sure it's out of his head I knew he was a week ago, an' he tellin' me I was as beautiful as an angel wid wings, an' he'd marry me an' make me a lady if I'd run away wid him in the night-time. An' says I, 'Go away wid ye, ye crazy loon,' says I, 'an' me promised to Tim O'Flanagan these six months.' An' there's not a gurl or a woman gone by the garden—it's not any further than that that they'll let him out, av coorse—there's not a woman gone by but he's afther makin' love to her, an' they canna kape him at Mis' Allen's no longer, though it's quiet and country air he come for. Sure it's an engagement-ring wid a big stone in it he gave Chloe,—an' he not above makin'

love to naygurs!—an' he tellin' her they'd get married ag'in' September. An' he havin' a wife livin'!—a nice, dacint lady, they say. Well, he's a poor crazy crayther, without his wits about him, I suppose."

While Sally rattled on, Miss Mehetabel regarded her with a stony stare.

"Sally, bring me the camphire-bottle," was all she said when Sally's story was finished.

But Lupira, regardless of the presence of Miss Robinson, the dressmaker, threw up her arms, and went into a fit of hysterics.

Before she had recovered, a carriage was seen to stop at Widow Allen's door, and the little gentleman was assisted into it.

As it rolled by the window, "Louizy Allen's beau" leaned out, and bowed and smiled affably, and even threw a kiss when he saw Miss Mehetabel.

"Deceitful monster!" she cried, "he's not crazy; he's a villain. He promised to marry me the first of September."

Miss Lupira recovered, at this.

"You, Mehetabel!" she exclaimed. "Oh! you only imagined it. You are always imagining such things. A woman of your age! Oh my dearest Frank! He really loved me. He told me I was the only woman he ever really loved. And I was going to elope with him to-night. It's all those snaky Allens!"

"Elope!" cried Mehetabel. "A woman of your age? Lupiry Wiggin, I am ashamed of you."

How they settled it, nobody ever knew; for at this juncture Miss Robinson discreetly retired.

The story got around, and the Misses Wiggin moved away.

They are now superintending the affairs of another village, and Poppleton is at peace.

MONTEITH BROTHERS.

By Capt. W. H. Macy.

WHEN I was in the old bark Danube, bound to Cronstadt, we had a young fellow among our crew named Joe Archibald, who had hailed from somewhere in New York State. Joe was a steady, willing chap enough, but slow in his movements, and sometimes rather dull of comprehension.

One night in the British Channel, we were aloft, reefing the main-topsail, and I don't know how it happened, but Joe was out on the weather-yardarm, at the earing. He didn't get there very often in reefing, but there he was, in this particular case, and he made very slow work of hauling his earing out. We all got impatient, and raised quite a clamor about it, until at last the second mate, who was in the bunt or slings of the yard directing the work, thought it was time to look up the matter. He passed out across our backs, and seizing the lift, jumped up on the yard, striding the neck of Hans the Swede, who was at the "dog-ear," helping Archibald. The second mate, who was an old English salt, at once began to bully Joe, and some high words passed between them. The Yankee blood of Joe Archibald rose up at this language, and he in person, rose up too, and clinched with his tyrannical superior. A fierce struggle ensued, the details of which could not be seen by us in the darkness, but Hans had to "lay in," and crowd the rest of us up towards the mast, to give the combatants room. After a minute of fearful suspense, during which no word was spoken, the two men were seen falling, locked together, down into the dark void below! "Man overboard!" roared old Hans, and other voices took up the chorus as we hurried down on deck, not stopping to secure the slatting canvas. The mate had seen indistinctly what was going on, and saw the men fall into the sea, for the ship was on the weather-roll at the moment, and they both went clear of the side. The life-buoy was cut away from the stern, the hencoop thrown overboard, and an attempt made to lower away a boat. But nothing was ready, and the small boats on the quarter, from neglect, was hardly in a condition to float, even in smooth water. We could not back under short sail, so we put

the helm up and wore round, which used up some time, and brought us well to leeward of the spot where the men went down. Finally, it was decided to be useless, considering all the circumstances, to put our boat into the water, and after manœuvring a little in the neighborhood of the place, we gave the men up, and proceeded on our course.

We got the topsail reefed, but it was a sad time with us and we made bungling work. We were very shorthanded after the loss of our two shipmates, and the mate was forced to go aloft himself with the rest. After all was snug for the night the tragedy was talked over, and both ends of the ship compared notes about it. The mate said that there were two splashes in the water some feet apart, though both at the same instant of time. He saw nothing of either of the men afterwards, but the captain, who had rushed out of his berth at the sound of the alarm, and cut away the buoy, thought he saw one of them rise on a sea astern. But he was not sure of this, and it might have been only his imagination. The phlegmatic Hans, who was the nearest witness to the death-struggle of the two men, could tell little more than what the rest of us already knew, and he was so overwhelmed with astonishment when he saw Joe Archibald, without speaking a word, straighten himself up and grapple with the stout Englishman, that he could hardly be said to have his wits about him. So, as in all such cases, the matter was a nine days' wonder, and then ceased to be the topic of conversation. In due time we arrived at our port, where other men were shipped to fill the vacancies, and the sad circumstances were seldom alluded to on the return voyage.

It was more than a year after this that I was in Liverpool, belonging then to the packet ship *Fidelia*, of New York. We were nearly ready to sail on our return, when among the passengers who came on board to cross the ocean with us to America, were two ladies, evidently mother and daughter, as the family resemblance was strong between them. While I was busy aloft, a neatly-dressed young man came off

in another boat, and I observed that he was very attentive to the younger lady, and their farewells seemed to be of a prolonged and tender character. I thought the figure and attitude of this man had something strangely familiar to me, and as I came down from my work, I had a fair view of his face as he was going over the gangway into his boat. Spite of his spruce longshore togs, it could be no other than my lost shipmate, Joe Archibald.

"Joe!" said I, extending my hand. "How are you, old fellow?"

The young man regarded me with a polite stare, but did not meet my hand with his own. It was Joe Archibald, and no one else, but he evidently did not mean to recognize me.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," he said.

"Well, perhaps you have forgotten the voyage in the old Danube, but I don't believe you have, or the way you went overboard, locking yards with that bully of a second mate. Look 'ee here, Joe; you needn't be afraid of the consequences from that affair, and slight an old shipmate who is really glad to meet you, and would like to know by what strange miracle you were saved, and wouldn't bring you into any trouble for"—

"You are evidently mistaken in the person, sir," he interrupted. "You will excuse me, sir, if you please, as I fear I have already overstayed my time. Good-day, sir." And with a last glance of admiration at the young lady passenger, who seemed an amused spectator of this scene, he went down the side into his wherry, and was pulled away towards the pier. An order summoned me away to duty just then, but I determined to make the acquaintance of the ladies on the passage, and find out all I could about their friend. I was quite indignant that Joe should thus cut an old crony, and could not believe it could result from pride or any feeling growing out of bettered circumstances. Such conduct did not seem at all like my shipmate as I had known and remembered him, and I decided that my first theory must be correct; he was afraid of trouble on account of the scrape in which he had sacrificed the officer's life, and so nearly lost his own. For this reason he had changed his name, and did not care to be known.

We proceeded on our voyage to New

York, and it was several days before I got a good opportunity to speak to the ladies, though I found out that they bore the names of Mrs. and Miss Joy, and also that they were Americans returning to their native country, after having resided for some time in Liverpool. They were still in half-mourning, the husband and father having died a few months before.

One fine evening I was at the wheel, and the officer of the deck out of hearing, when Mrs. Joy came on deck and stood near me, looking out upon the ocean. Now was my time to get some light upon the mystery of Joe Archibald.

"Excuse me, madam," said I, putting on the best airs I knew how, "but I would like to make an inquiry of you."

"Indeed," said she, with a little surprise, but pleasantly enough. "What may it be, sir?"

"There was a young man on board the day we left Liverpool," said I, "who appeared to be acquainted with you, or perhaps I should say with the younger lady, your companion."

"My daughter, I presume you mean," she interrupted with a smile.

"Yes—or at least I supposed her to be such. May I ask you the name of the young gentleman? I assure you this is not idle talk on my part, but, for certain reasons, I have a special interest in the question and its answer."

"Why, sir, that is Mr. Monteith, confidential clerk of Butler Brothers. He is—as perhaps you may have guessed from what you observed—quite attentive to Susie, and has been so indeed for some time."

"Monteith, did you say his name was?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, Thomas Monteith. Why, did you ever know him? He has the reputation of being a most worthy young man."

"No doubt of that," said I. "Yes, madam, I knew him, and I am sure I know no ill of him, except it be that he cuts an old shipmate, but he may have had good reasons for that, or at least, what he thought good reasons."

"I cannot believe from what I know of Thomas Monteith that he would act thus without good reasons," returned Mrs. Joy, bridling up.

"Probably not, as Thomas Monteith; but when I was shipmate with him his name was Joe Archibald."

"Mystery!" said the lady. "How long ago was this?"

"Something more than a year now. May I ask madam, how long you have known him?"

"Well, I must admit that it is rather less than one year, and I have heard him speak of having followed the sea before we knew him. But tell me, if you please, what you know about this gentleman, or about Mr. Archibald—for I cannot believe they are one and the same person."

"He sailed with me in the bark *Danube*," I answered, cautiously. "But I don't think I care to talk about how we parted company. He left us suddenly in the middle of the voyage, under remarkable circumstances, which I think may be connected with this secrecy and change of name."

"I see you are not to be drawn out on this subject," she said, with a slight tone of vexation. "But I may ask one question, whether the circumstances to which you allude were such as to be any stain upon his character? I am anxious on this point."

"No, madam," said I. "At least I don't think they were."

"And still they were such as might cause a man to change his name and cut his old acquaintances?"

"Yes. That is, he might feel it necessary to do so for his personal safety, though his own conscience might be clear enough."

At this moment the approach of the officer of the watch cut short the conversation, and the lady passed below to her cabin, with her curiosity now thoroughly aroused, and completely on the rack.

The next day, when I was again at the helm, the daughter sought an interview with me, but I was satisfied I could gain nothing from the ladies in the way of information, they having only known Monteith for a few months, as a clerk in a certain store, and being quite in the dark as to his antecedents. I could not do otherwise than be civil and polite to Susie Joy, with her youth, beauty, and modesty, but I also tried to be reticent. Her persuasive powers drew little more from me than I had already said to her mother, which Susie of course already knew in detail. She had seen, rather than heard, what passed between me and her admirer at the gangway the day she came on board, and her interest and curiosity were even greater than those of her mother, I had no word to say against Mr. Monteith,

and finally admitted that it was possible I might be mistaken in the matter of identity. I drew from her that her Thomas also called himself an American, that he had spoken incidentally of having been a seaman, and that he was expected to follow them across the water the succeeding summer. She did not say for what purpose he was coming, but there was a significance in her tone and manner which I was shrewd enough to understand.

Thus matters stood when we arrived at New York and landed our passengers. I did not lose track of the Joys, but learned that their home was in the city, though well "up town." I made three successive voyages in the *Fidelia* to Liverpool and back to New York, and still kept the run of the family, living in the same spot. I looked up the place of business of Butler Brothers, in Liverpool, and once through a window I saw the young clerk. The more I looked at him the more I was satisfied he was no other than my lost shipmate, but as he did not choose to acknowledge himself as such, why should I intrude myself upon him?

Summer came, and the time when Monteith was to have his vacation arrived. Susie Joy had told me that he would probably take passage over in our ship, and I looked carefully into the face of every new arrival on board, intending if I again met my mysterious ex-shipmate, to try him again as Joe Archibald. But the *Fidelia* was ready for sea, and the last boat had left us for the shore; Mr. Monteith had not come, and how the faithful girl would be disappointed.

It occurred to me, however, that ours was by no means the only packet ship of the summer. The *Garrick* had sailed a few days before, and it was possible that he might have secured an earlier passage, to surprise his lady-love. The *Manhattan* was "up" for New York to follow us the next week, and he might have waited for that ship. Our trip was a short one, and I lost no time, as soon as I could be spared from duty, in calling at the home of the Joys.

I found the young lady in a melancholy mood, and she burst into tears at sight of me, as if my appearance had served to call up unpleasant thoughts. She tried to be reticent as to the cause of her emotion, but I drew from her the confession that Thomas Monteith had proved false and unworthy of her constancy. She had met him on Broad-

way walking in company with another lady, had looked him full in the face without receiving any answering glance of recognition. She had even demeaned herself so far as to address him by his christian name, but was rewarded with a careless stare, and then an intimation, rather impatiently thrown out, that there must be some mistake. Mortified, and, as she thought insulted, the poor girl had returned home to nurse her sorrows, or to combat them with her pride, as best she could. She was sure of the identity of Thomas Monteith—who should know him if she did not? As I could testify that he was not a passenger in our ship, it was plain that he must have come over in the Garrick.

I went to the office of the line to which that ship belonged, and thoroughly examined the passenger list. But no such name as either Monteith or Archibald was to be found. I made particular inquiries of some of the Garrick's crew with whom I was acquainted, but she had brought over no young man, either in cabin or steerage, at all answering the description. The whole matter was more deeply involved than ever in mystery.

Becoming now quite excited on the subject, and having spare time on my hands, I instituted a systematic search for Archibald, or Monteith, whoever he might be. I visited all the boarding-houses for seamen that I had any knowledge of, for if Joe were still following the sea, in some one of these he would probably be found. I was coming out of one where I had examined all the names on the list without being any the wiser, when I saw my man approaching. I rushed into the street to meet him, the landlord crying out after me.

"Is that the man you want? Why, that's Jack Smith!"

"Joe," said I, with outstretched hand. "How are you, old crony?"

"Ben Warren!" he exclaimed, in a tone of glad surprise. "But hush! don't call me Archibald. I'm Jack Smith here. I've had half a dozen names since that unlucky tumble from the Danube's main-topsail-yard, and to tell the truth, I was sailing under a purser's name even then."

"So I suppose," I answered. "If your name isn't Archibald it may be Monteith."

Joe looked at me in some surprise, and led the way into his own lodging-room, closing the door.

"I don't know how you guessed this, but

Monteith is my real name, and I've no cause to be ashamed of it. I followed the example of many other fools, and went to sea under false colors, and now, on account of the tragedy where I so nearly lost my own life, I fight shy of the name of Archibald, and never answer to it."

"I don't think you need to have any fear on that score. I suppose you were picked up by one of those chances that may be called miracles. And was the English second mate saved too? Tell us your story—but hold on, first answer one question—have you a twin brother?"

"Now, I'm all out of breath with your questions. Well, yes, I was picked up, and by a miracle, too, in the literal sense of the word, for it was the brig *Miracle*, of Baltimore, that fell in with me, at daylight the next morning, astride of the Danube's life-buoy, and nearly ready to drop off from exhaustion. No, the second mate was not saved, too—at least not to my knowledge. And yes, I have a twin brother—or had one a few years ago. He went to sea before I did, and the last I heard of him was in Liverpool. He had worked into some employment there ashore. Why did you ask?"

"Because I have seen your brother, Thomas Monteith, and he will probably be here in a day or two, in the *Manhattan*, if indeed he has not already arrived. And the mystery that has haunted me these last six months is all clear to me. But come, I want you to go with me to see a certain young lady up town."

"Oh," said Joe, or Richard Monteith, as he should now be called, "I don't know how to visit young ladies. It isn't in my line of business."

"That's what she thought when she met you the other day on Broadway and called you 'Thomas.' And yet you had a lady in tow at that time."

"Ah! that's the lady, is it?" he asked. "Now I remember; but I was taken by surprise, and perhaps was rather abrupt in telling her she was mistaken in the person. Well, I had a young woman in tow at the time—or perhaps I should say she had me in tow. She was an old acquaintance, daughter of one of my former landladies. But if you and the other lady are both acquainted with my brother Tom, I suppose I must go with you, and we can talk as we go."

Our conference was a highly interesting one, and was cut short by our arrival at

Mrs. Joy's door. Being shown in, we found Susie Joy and Thomas Monteith seated side by side on the sofa, but both wearing a slight expression of constraint, as if there were some matter between them not quite satisfactorily explained.

I saluted the young lady, gave a cool nod to the gentleman, and then introduced his double as a friend and former shipmate of mine, Mr. Smith.

But the name only bewildered Thomas for a moment, sufficient to add more effect to the amusing tableaux, for the brothers were not long in recognizing each other. But Miss Joy's bewilderment was certainly greater than that of any one else, unless it might be her mother, who had followed us into the room. The two ladies looked from one to the other of the twins, and back again, then at each other, comparing notes, and talking mostly in interjections. I offered to wager Susie that if I took them both out of the room, and made some little alteration in their dress to bring them both alike, she could not identify her own lover. She looked again and again at them both,

and declined to take the risk. Indeed, the resemblance between the brothers was so perfect, that how their own parents could have distinguished them seemed a mystery to us all.

They had been orphaned a few years before, and had separated each to seek his own fortune. Leading the wandering lives of seamen, they had lost all traces of each other, until they were thus somewhat strangely brought together.

A happy wedding party was that held at the home of the Joys a few evenings later. Dick Monteith went with the newly-married couple in the *Fidelia* on her next voyage to Liverpool, where he also entered the employ of Butler Brothers. My wanderings took me in a different direction after that voyage, and I have never seen either of them since. But I have heard that those doing business with the present firm of Monteith Brothers have great difficulty in distinguishing the members of it one from the other; and that many ludicrous mistakes arise in consequence, making the career of the twins a complete Comedy of Errors.